

•MAN•  
•AND HIS WORLD•

*JOHN DARBY*

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PHILADELPHIA

# MAN AND HIS WORLD;

OR, THE

## ONENESS OF NOW AND ETERNITY.

A SERIES OF

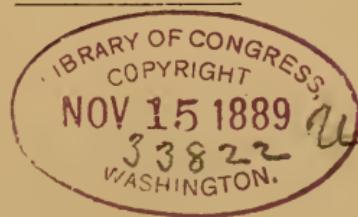
### IMAGINARY DISCOURSES BETWEEN SOCRATES AND PROTAGORAS.

BY

JOHN DARBY,

AUTHOR OF "ODD HOURS OF A PHYSICIAN," "NINETEENTH CENTURY  
SENSE," ETC.

*Garrison, James Edmund.*

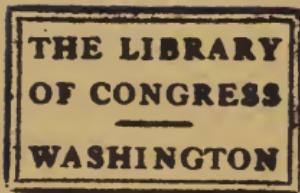


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## DEDICATION.

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*TO "CEBES,"*

who may stand as representative of students generally, and particularly of nine hundred young men constituting at this time the membership of the Garretsonian Society, to whom the present volume is addressed as being illustrative of lectures delivered before the resident members in the winter of 1888-89; earnest examiners as to correspondence in things, most of them; sceptical as to matters in general, many of them; believing nothing, some of them,—this book is earnestly, and with due sense of responsibility, dedicated, in confidence that not only will it recall interesting hours spent together in the class-room and the amphitheatre, but as well it will serve as reply to questions that must continue to offer themselves for examination.



## INTRODUCTION.

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TWENTY years ago, when the writer was wholly a Platonist, he wrote, and a few years later published, the first one hundred and six pages of the present volume, under the title "Two Thousand Years After." That brochure was received by the press with a warmth that rendered the commendations a source of gratification to both publisher and author, and was the means of a quick and very satisfactory circulation of the work. In presenting the present addenda, which make the book of so entirely different a character and meaning as to require other naming, the author trusts he will not be viewed as exceeding the bounds of a becoming modesty in suggesting that attempt is made, through an exhibit of the principles of things, to bring something of harmony out of the prevalent confusion of the times, and to reconcile the childish, yet destructive, differences that separate people of the various sects and systems.

Light is according to eyes and opportunity. To prepare the volume as it here stands, its writer left

disturbing influences, as these associate with the life of a busy city doctor, and lived for three months among the quiet retreats and "contemplative shades" that exist so abundantly about the locality of Swarthmore College: God, and nature, are never seen by him as closely in the town as in the country, nor does he find it as easy to see principles through brick walls as through arboring trees. The three months spent in thinking and writing the addenda were to him days of serene and unalloyed happiness. Relationship with Socrates, Protagoras, Cebes, and the others of the pages was much more real than was the presence of the people of the village.

The writer is compelled here to risk arousing prejudice on the part of the critics in suggesting the meaning of the present book to be lines between lines to his lately published work, "Nineteenth Century Sense," a book, this last named, which certainly did not please them, a matter not to be wondered at, perhaps, as impulses of the heart and psychical inferences dominate it rather than ordinary literary refinements in the manner of its arrangement. It is certainly not a book in accord with the hard practical sense of the times. Perception must accord, however, with state of mind. The author, for himself, has to confess that there are times in which the pages are as dead paper to him, while at other times, on the con-

trary, something or other in the work illumines and vivifies him.

Considering the invariable kindness of the book reviewers as manifested towards all his writings with exception of the volume just named, the author asks them to re-read it in the light of the present discourses, and he asks for this reading when a sick hour or other favoring circumstances shall have shut out the confusing sounds of the great hurly-burly.

To his students he would recommend the reading of his books in the order in which they most naturally relate: first, "Odd Hours of a Physician;" second, "Hours with John Darby;" third, "Brushland;" fourth, "Thinkers and Thinking;" fifth, "Man and his World;" and sixth, "Nineteenth Century Sense." If such a course be pursued, no single volume of the series will be found lacking in clearness; the philosophy and views of life as inculcated and set forth will, after such manner of reading, show in their proper light and position, and may then be rejected or accepted as the reader shall decide.

The frontispiece is a contribution to the members of the society named in the dedication, insisted on by the author's too partial and kind publishers.



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# TWO THOUSAND YEARS AFTER.

## ARGUMENT.

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NEARLY twenty-three hundred years ago, Socrates, whose name is familiar to all thinkers, was executed at Athens, having been condemned by the judges because of accusations preferred by one Melitus that he disbelieved in the gods of his country, and through his teachings corrupted the Athenian youth. On the day in which the sentence was to be carried into effect, there were assembled in the prison his friends Echecrates, Phædo, Apollodorus, Cebes, Simmias, and Crito, and with these Plato represents as being held the world-famous conversation on the immortality of the soul.

In the present dialogue, it has not been thought either amiss or out of keeping with nature's laws to imagine that, in the correlations or transmigrations of life, these friends should find themselves again together after the lapse of all these years, and that, possessed of the lore of the modern Positivist, the conversation should be renewed.

In the original argument, as given in the *Phædo*, Socrates did not succeed in satisfying fully either himself or his hearers as to the nature and meaning of the Soul. The explanation of this is that he started, and continued to the end, with a confusion existing in the confounding, yet at the same time an indistinct mingling, of entirely separate and distinct things. He was strictly right, as is accepted in the present volume, as to his main conception of Soul, as such conception is gotten out of analysis and comparison of the *Phædo*, *Phædrus*, and *Republic*, but he was wholly wrong in esteeming Soul to be identical with the Thing by which man has his immortality. Duality, as taught by Socrates, is the confusion as well of to-day as it was of two thousand years ago. The first part of this book makes but little departure from the original Socratic premise; its subject at large is Soul; its design to make plain that lack of soul is want of difference between man and brute. The second part passes to a philosophy founded on recognition of distinction between Soul and Ego and of the oneness of Now and Eternity. In this part the author expresses his own philosophy and religion.

## TWO THOUSAND YEARS AFTER.

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SOCRATES. It is permitted me, O Cebes, to continue with you that conversation which the good intention of Crito would have altogether prevented, had we not denied the importunities of him who prepared the poison-cup.

CEBES. Nothing strange does it seem to hear again the voice.

*Soc.* Nothing strange; for that which is heard is immortal; instruction resides not less on the lips of folly than in the speech of wisdom, and he who hears not the voice always, hears not only because that he does not listen. But heed, Cebes, and call you Phædo, and Echerates, Apollodorus, Simmias, and Crito; shall we not with profit take up the subject of our discourse at that point where the commands of the officer of the Eleven interrupted it?

*Ceb.* Whether the voice be false or true, whether it bears the speech of Cynosarges or deceives through the lips of a sophist, I will listen, hoping to find doubts resolved.

*Soc.* Judge of a speech, Cebes, by the argument. This, then, is the sum of what you inquired, when, in the pen at Athens, we sat together two thousand years ago. You required it to be proved that man has a soul ; that soul is something imperishable and immortal ; that a philosopher who is about to die, full of confidence and hope that after death he shall be far happier than if he had died after leading a different kind of life, does not entertain such confidence foolishly and vainly. You asserted, as well, that even to be able to show that a soul is something having existence, and that it is of a strong and divine nature, and that it lived before we men were born, not at all hinders, but that all such things may evince, not its immortality, but that the soul is durable, and existed an immense space of time before, and knew and did many things ; but that, for all this, it was not at all the more immortal ; but that its entrance into the body of a man is the beginning of its destruction, as though it were a disease, so that it passes through this life in wretchedness, and at last perishes in what is called death. You declared, also, that it is of no consequence whether it should come into a body once or often with respect to our

occasion of fear, for it is right, you said, that he should be afraid, unless he be foolish, who does not know, and cannot give a reason to prove that the soul is immortal. Such is, I think, Cebes, the sum of what you required, and what you asserted.

*Ceb.* I do not take from, or add to it; such things I said.

*Soc.* Now that the centuries which have come and gone, have left behind demonstrations of which the sophists knew nothing, and of which we in our turn had as little provision—now, holding speech again together, we are able to affirm of things whereof formerly we ventured alone to insinuate. Give heed, Cebes; to-day we shall have a demonstration which in itself carries its own voucher; to-day we shall be made to feel that we know whereof we affirm. The centuries, my Cebes, are as vantage ground. What *Theætetus* lacked as to the meaning of science is now fully comprehended, for the times have exhibited not only this meaning, but as well the end of such manner of inquiry. Let us, then, talk together from the standpoint of to-day, for after such manner it is that we have to the advantage of our discourse, that fresher knowledge to which I allude.

*Ceb.* After whatsoever manner it best pleases you.

*Soc.* We will have then, as a text, those lines which the poet Ovid makes as speech for Pythagoras.

“ Death has no power the immortal soul to slay ;  
That, when its present body turns to clay,  
Seeks a fresh home, and with unminished might  
Inspires another frame with life and light.  
So I myself (well I the past recall),  
When the fierce Greeks begirt Troy’s holy wall  
Was brave Euphorbus ; and in conflict drear,  
Poured forth my blood beneath Atrides’ spear ;  
The shield this arm did bear, I lately saw  
In Juno’s shrine, a trophy of that war.”

Heed, Crito, when all was over, as you would have it, did you catch and bury Socrates ?\* You remember, my friends, that I craved you as sureties to Crito, whom I could not persuade that the body he was to bury was not Socrates, even though I argued long both for his and my own consolation. When I shall tell you what I now know, it will not seem a strange thing to learn that Socrates was a mourner with you at his own funeral. There was a something also that I held with Simmias.

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\* After the conclusion of his discourse, Socrates proposed to bathe himself in order that such trouble might be spared those who were to prepare his body for interment. Crito, anxious to pay every respect to the master, asks Socrates if he has any commands to give, and among other things begs to know how he would like to be buried. Smiling, the sage replies, “ Just as you please, provided you can catch me,” and he then begs the others to be sureties to Crito for his absence from the body, as before, Crito had been bound to the judges for his appearance on the day of trial.

If I am not wrong, Simmias, we did agree, after some argument, that death consisted alone in a separation of soul from the materials of the body ; that the wisdom of the philosopher counselled him to keep the soul always as isolated from the mortal parts as possible, in order that he should secure to himself the greatest pleasure : this, we inferred ; now are we prepared to understand that which before we could not prove.

SIMMIAS. It is well recalled, Socrates. It was myself who admitted that there exist two classes of pleasures, namely, such as come of agreeable bodily sensations, and others with which bodily parts seem to have no association. Also, it was agreed to, that pure knowledge might only come when the soul denied all office of reason on the part of the body. It was, as well, agreed that purification consists in this, namely, in accustoming the soul to collect itself by itself, on all sides, apart from the body, and to dwell, so far as it can, in a present and in a future, alone by itself, delivered, as it were, from the shackles of the body.

*Soc.* If I mistake not, Simmias, it was an inference that a wise man could have no fear of death ; on the contrary, that it was the part of philosophy to court a dissolution of the mortal ties, seeing that only in such a dissolution could the soul obtain its freedom.

*Ceb.* It is not to be forgotten, Socrates, that, dissatisfied with this conclusion, it was even I who suggested

that there might be no soul apart from body—that the day in which a body dies, soul is dispersed and vanishes like breath or smoke.

*Soc.* You say right, Cebes; the memory of the objection has not left me; and now, with clearer vision, are we to take up the arguments where, together, we laid them down. Heed, my friend; we will get knowledge of the soul in learning what it is not. The century that marks our present meeting having in it a fulness of positive research, such as was not found with our master Anaxagoras, or with any that preceded him, we find ourselves as men standing upon high ground; around us, and within us, is that which shows, with an irrefutable plainness, as it would seem, what are the meaning and end of scientific inquiry; a knowledge which we are led to perceive had first to be arrived at in order to the possibility of recognizing anything that might have existence beyond the material.

*Ceb.* Shall we not begin with the beginning, Socrates?

*Soc.* It is well put, Cebes, seeing that they listen who were not before auditors. We recall to ourselves, and to these other, that, previous to the school of the Ionian philosophers,—of which Thales was the founder,—man had not attempted any inquiry into himself or into the manner or matter of his composition; the world was accepted by him as he found it, and, like unto a tree or

rock, he rested in that in which he found nutrition and development.

But to Thales came the inclination leading to inquiry, “Who and what is Thales?” This, we remember, was the question ever present with the sage. But Thales could find on the earth, or in the universe, nothing which seemed to him so potent and so omnipresent as moisture. Water, he declared, therefore,—and, as it would seem, most naturally and plausibly,—to be the one component of the world. A man, he said, was made up of water, the earth is water, the gods themselves are water; and all was well argued and well spoken, for according to the light so was the judgment.

Next we are to refer to Anaximenes, the successor, shall we call him, of Thales. The pupil of Anaximander did not agree, however, with his predecessor. A something more persistent than water he thought Air to be; so in this element,—as he considered it,—he affirmed was to be found the one component of man and world and God. Wherever life is, there also, said Anaximenes, is to be found respiration; where no air is, there is death.

*Ceb.* And Heraclitus denied the conclusions of both his Ionian brothers.

*Soc.* Well remembered, Cebes; the Ephesian did in truth differ widely from those who went before in their conclusions. Fire, he affirmed to be the one component

of the world. A spontaneous force and activity resided, he said, in fire: Neither by God, nor by man, is God or man or world; all are of an ever-living fire, in due measure self-ekindled, and in due measure self-extinguished. Yet see, O Cebes, all the Ionians agreed in this, namely, that there existed a universal principle, this principle abiding the same, no matter how multitudinous the changes; and, indeed, in this lies the gist of the Ionian philosophy.

*Sim.* We are right, Socrates, in accepting that the error of this school lay in the unreliability of the means employed by it to understand?

*Soc.* We are right indeed, Simmias. The Ionians recognized no source of knowledge apart from the senses of the organic man: what these senses exhibited to them they affirmed to be truth. Thus, the Ionian philosophy means the judgment that comes of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, of general and special touch; these being the senses that pertain to man as an animal, and being the instruments employed by the school, which we consider, to acquire its conclusions. But, even in the far-away days, it was not a difficult matter for us to perceive the fallacies of Ionian judgments, inasmuch as it was of self-exhibition that truth resided not in the judgments of senses simply animal in their import; for while it was that a man might very well say what any certain thing appeared to him to be, yet very

little inquiry elicited that no two men could possibly see the same thing in exactly the same manner ; just as it is not seen of any two that in physiognomy they exactly resemble each other. To the Ionians we are to give, however, a credit which justly belongs to them, for having opened the epoch of philosophic inquiry (all other people rested in some theology or mythology), but this award is all that belongs to them. And who, Simmias, are we to honor for an advancing step, if not Diogenes ? for from whom, if not from the Apollonian, got the great Anaxagoras that cue which enabled him to declare that, while it might very well be that Anaximenes was right in teaching that the world was made of air, yet the universe was seen to be full of the expressions of arrangement, and that such direction could not possibly reside in a simple ? See, said the Greek, all that man looks upon is found to be ordered in the best and most beautiful manner ; and without Reason this would be impossible. It must be, therefore, that the air is a compound, and in it resides consciousness.

*Ceb.* Neither are we to forget, Socrates, that noble "Argument of Design" made by yourself, which to-day seems as impressive as when, two thousand years back, Xenophon wrote it out for the Athenians.

*Soc.* We may let that go, Cebes ; yet no more rightfully was I in debt a cock to Esculapius than does the philosopher of to-day owe an oblation to the Lydian

Anaxagoras. We are not to detract from credit due Diogenes ; but we may not fail to recognize in the Lydian the planter of that seed out of which have grown the umbrageous branches under which discourse the modern peripatetics. All, said Anaxagoras, was chaos until intelligence (Mind) entered into matter. Yet heed, Cebes, for here we are to make mention of the paradox of the citizen of Clazomenæ. Agreeing with the Ionians, he taught, as you remember, that all knowledge comes through the senses ; opposing the Ionians, and agreeing with Xenophanes, he declared that all knowledge received through the senses is delusive. Was he right, Cebes, in the first, or in the last, of his premises ? Or, of possibility, is the paradox more seeming than real ?

*Ceb.* Why not, Socrates ?

*Soc.* It is to be assumed that reason leads not to truth ; this, because office is to be denied to reason save as such office is an associate of the senses. Reason is a thing wholly and strictly influenced by the character of brain organization, and it is the case, as has most wisely been affirmed by the eleatic Parmenides, that the highest degree of thought comes from the highest degree of brain organization. How, then, should it be otherwise than that reason is a false measure, seeing that it is a something dependent on the accidents of a construction, and not a thing immutable and unchangeable in itself ?

*Ceb.* But what is to be the argument, Socrates ?

*Soc.* This, Cebes : that reason cannot be a reliable staff upon which to lean, seeing that by no possibility can this show the same thing in the same manner to any two persons. That it is not by means of a man's mind that he can come to know himself: yet that there exists a means through which a man may as surely arrive at such knowledge, as that the almighty God is a self-acquainted entity.

*Ceb.* To know thus much, Socrates, would seem to possess one with the wisdom of life.

*Soc.* It was not unlikely so esteemed by the oracle. Give heed, Cebes, and you too, Simmias, and Apollo-dorus, and all others who would make an excursion. It was one of no less repute than our other master, Pythagoras, who persisted in declaring that in the number One was to be settled the principle of existence. Has any one understood the Samian ? Did the mathematician comprehend himself ? Come, my friends ; it is in the arcana of nature, and not amid the marts of these busy moderns that to-day we find ourselves. Let us, unmindful of aberrant lessons, set ourselves to the contemplation of that wherein exists, and out of which arises, all instruction. Let us renew our converse concerning the SOUL — for if it be that any among us shall find himself assisted to the apprehension of this TOTALITY, then in truth must it be that life may con-

tain no mysteries, or possess no riddles, the solutions to which this favored one shall not find within himself. It is a place of quiet and profound peace, this in which we find ourselves. A cemetery, people call it ; these many stones scattered around cover, they say, dust that is dead. Ah ! happy provision of nature that all this earth has lost understanding of fevers that preyed on it and which consumed it— yet that it is dust for which new wings are fledging. But wisdom is not in a grave, Cebes, and therefore may not arise out of it. Yet, of all seats to be sought by the contemplative, none may have preference over that where tombstones are found under the willows. Heed, my friends ; here evidently is the grave of one who consumed the privileges of existence in eating, drinking, and sleeping. Perhaps his dog rots with him. Why not ? a dog eats and drinks and sleeps, and then rots.—“Was born”—“Died”—this is all the history. Here is a monument, a mausoleum made up of many pieces ; perhaps it represents well the life of the sleeper—a piece here, and a piece there, stolen from the happiness of other people. There are blurs in the marble—not fewer, perhaps, than were in the life—yet, as marble turns to dust, white and black go together—the black spots are fading as well from the mold beneath. Nature will again try the quarry—hoping for better productions.

Here lies one, pronounced by his marble, an orator.

No memories tell us beyond the name. Has his breath, Cebes, gone with the winds, and has not Anaximenes his own?

This is the grave of one who wrote many books, but nothing has been left above ground; it is a grave, indeed, Cebes, and so Matter must try in fresh form for immortality,—the many verses were lines from the mind; mind is a function of the brain; a brain is dust—no soul moved the fingers of this writer.

How great, my friends, must have been the wealth that reared the pile we now look upon: yet the name it bears has no familiar sound.—A life, no doubt, was this, which took into itself a multitude of other lives—consuming them, not for immortality, but for the purposes of nature—correlating, correlating, yet all to no end,—and so all these many lives which lie beneath the stone have alone the meaning of the mold of the trunk of this great cherry-tree, which, in its season, produced not, and which, as is fitting, rots not less humbly than the man as it lies in the shade of his marble. Yet, perhaps, another period shall serve to unite the dust of man and tree, and who will deny that something may not come of the union?—A cherry, perhaps; or, maybe, a man of such stature that the God shall find fitting residence in him—who shall say?

What a great multitude of graves, and yet, all name-

less,— but this is in the way of nature: a million seeds of the thistle-down scattered broadcast; a million ova given to the waters running in from the sea. Which of the multitude of seeds shall produce a plant? which ovum bring forth a fish? It is a blessed privilege of man, my friends, that he lives not after the manner of the chance of thistle-down or fish. The man that craves immortality may possess himself of it, and in exact proportion with his craving and his longing will he share of it; and when immortality comes to a man, then has come, as well, eternity. So it is that in each day such a man experiences the fulness of living; a day, to such an one, is as a thousand years, and a thousand years might not seem different from a day; the mortal has become subjective to the immortal, and the physical man ceases to have concern or care about what are called life and death, for to his consciousness has come the knowledge that in these there is no distinction. The man whom the God individualizes has lost himself in God; his harmony is in the hand that strikes the chords of his organism. Such a man loses consciousness of himself in exact proportion as the God occupies him. Is it to be wondered at that such become indifferent to the body? Is a God to be ornamented with a silken hat and shoe-buckles? Or is he to be esteemed singular in that his ways differ from those of animals?

And the difference in men lies simply in this, that

some cry diligently to the God that they may be occupied ; but others deny the God, and will not let themselves be merged into him ; and so, remaining as all other purely matter and force composed things, these may not, of possibility, find themselves of different constitution or signification. To such, death would seem to mean just what disintegration means to a stone, or what decomposition means to the dog or horse. There is here nothing that can retain a sense of individuality, and when we bury such from our sight we have given their personality to nature.

Of all inquiries which it concerns men to make, that is the most important which considers the soul.

“Ignoratur enim, quæ sit natura animi :  
Nati sit: an, contra, nascentibus insinuetur;  
Et simul intereat nobiscum morte diremter;  
An tenebras Orci visat, vastaque lacunas,  
An pecudes alias divinitas insinuet se.”

And is the poet right in thus declaring man's ignorance of himself? Whether the soul be born with a man, or be infused into him at birth? Whether it dies with the body and with the material returns to earth? Or whether it passes into other animals? Not right, but wrong, is he ; for it does expose itself that a soul may be known as is a body, and he who finds himself

attuned may turn his eyes inward and apprehend it. This did Plotinus and his fellow mystics make plain at a period allied with the time when Phædo conversed with us; for did not the soul of Philo come to a surface where it was seen of such as might behold it? And has not this same thing been observed, only, however, after a different manner, by the wise Lucretius, who declares for a nature that is corporeal of the mind?

Corpoream naturam animi esse necesse est  
Corporis quoniam telis istique laborat.

It is not unknown to us, Cebes, neither was it unfamiliar in the olden time, that philosophy, whether theological, positive, or metaphysical, advances only, and always, towards a single something, which something is felt and recognized to be all things in itself — the origin and cause of life — the entity, of which images and signs are the expression. And furthermore, the learned fail not to understand that while multitudinous names are applied by the ages to this entity — to this abstract something — yet it has ever had, and may only continue to have, a common meaning and signification to all. Thus, whether the appellation be “God,” as used by ourselves; “One,” as it was named by Pythagoras; “Mind,” as our master Anaxagoras called it; or whatever the title employed — as “Idea” by our pupil Plato; Ormus, by the Persian; “Brama”

by the Indian ; Zeus, as by the Macedonian : or, to come to these modern people, "Idee," as by the German Hegel ; "Substance," as by the wonderful Spinoza — no matter what the name, a common thing and principle stands out and forth as the representative, and through no argument may this one be resolved into the many, except as such *many* pertain to phenomena. Heed, Cebes; if I am wrong as to this conclusion, are their none amongst you who will refute me? Truly are we not without learning sufficient to a refutation, if any refutation there be. Have we not together studied "De Rerum Naturâ," peering with Lucretius through lights and shadows? Have we not with Shungie plucked from the orbit, and eaten, the left eye of a great chief with hope of increasing the outlook of our own? What has Plutarch told of Osiris and Isis that we do not know? And what has Vishnu Purana spoken of Brahm that we have not comprehended? Have we not heeded the Yasna, drank of the waters of the Talmud, and with a "John" searched through the mysteries of the Logos? Notice the great rock, Cebes, upon whose broad face we now sit holding discourse ; see the sun-illumined stream winding its way amid the green things of its shores ; look at the brown ridges in the ploughed land out of which just now are rising the potato stems ; behold yon clump of deep-tangled briars in which the birds are holding high revel. And still

as well, Cebes, let memory carry thy gaze to that water on which together we have so often looked from the Piræus ; these things, to me, Cebes, are living beings. Is not the soul, said Bharata to Sauriva's king, one, uniform, perfect, exempt from birth, omnipresent, undecaying, mode of true knowledge, disassociated with unrealities ? Ignorance alone it is which enables Maya to impress the mind with sense of individuality ; for as soon as that is dispelled, it is known that severalty exists not, and that there is nothing but one individual whole.

*Ceb.* I, for one, listen not further, if it is designed to show that severalty exists not.

*Soc.* Foolish Cebes, are we not in ourselves argument to the contrary ? What everlasting peace, Cebes, seems the fixedness of this great stone ; how the potato stems seem as if coming forth to a feast of sunshine, and which indeed they do ; how glad-voiced are the birds in the briar-tangle. I think, as we sit here, Cebes, that these things are as though the Omnipresent has said, I will be all voice, all ear, all eye. For think you, Cebes, that God could exist, and not be glad ? And is not creation glad ? In what resides gladness, if not in fitness ? And is not all fitted ? Winter to summer, spring to harvest ; the water to the valley ; the tuber to the earth ; birds to briar-tangles, and the rock to solidity ?—But this touches not our argument. Heed, my friend, I will show you something not less strange

than severality existing in individuality. Follow closely, else will you not understand me.

*Ceb.* The argument is to show “Who, and what is man,” past, present, and to come.

*Soc.* You are right, Cebes ; what he is, what he has been, and what he will be.

*Ceb.* By an *a priori* or an *a posteriori* showing.

*Soc.* By both— backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards.

Imprimis, Cebes, it may not be denied, and must therefore be admitted, that the judgments made by a THING cannot pass beyond that which is the capability possessed by the THING to form or make a judgment. Such capability, as belonging to man—to the natural man—is seen to reside in the number, character, and nature of the SENSES: therefore, man’s means of knowing, having existence alone in the senses, he can opine of the world only as the world exhibits itself through these senses.

*Ceb.* This is not to be denied.

*Soc.* Judgment, then, is as the media which shows the thing that is to be judged ?

*Ceb.* Why not?

*Soc.* It was one of not less repute than Protagoras who affirmed, “*that things are what they seem to be.*” Is this right, Cebes ?

*Ceb.* It would seem to be right, Socrates.

*Soc.* When a man looks upon the earth through a piece of red-colored glass, the ground is seen to be red ; or if the pigment be blue, then is everything blue ; or if green, then all is green. Is the thing looked upon, Cebes, of all these shades ?

*Ceb.* By Jupiter, it may be none of them.

*Soc.* Then are we to say that the sophist is wrong, and that a thing is not necessarily what it seems to be ?

*Ceb.* This may but be right ; but what say you, Socrates, that a thing is ?

*Soc.* I would put it in this way : A thing is, *to the uses of the senses*, what to the senses it seems to be.

*Ceb.* It is undeniable.

*Soc.* Judgment is seen, then, to be the same as comprehension ?

*Ceb.* It is the same, assuredly, Socrates.

*Soc.* If then it be the case that a man possesses no capability beyond the media which signify comprehension, it is impossible that he arrive at truth ?

*Ceb.* It has been proved to be impossible.

*Soc.* Say rather, Cebes, it would appear that it may be so proven.

*Ceb.* But the argument is to show that a man may arrive at a knowledge of himself. Did you not just say, Socrates, that a man may come to such knowledge as surely as that the Almighty God is a self-acquainted entity ?

*Soc.* You quote me not wrong, Cebes ; that is what I said.

*Ceb.* But you have just exhibited that the senses are the only media of knowledge, and at the same time you have shown that information coming through the senses cannot be reliable. Wherein do you differ, Socrates, from Anaxagoras ?

*Soc.* Not so fast, Cebes ; I said the senses of organic life. Has a man not more than these ?

*Ceb.* By Jupiter, I understand nothing of your meaning.

*Soc.* Is there any difference, Cebes, between a man and an ox ?

*Ceb.* Assuredly it would seem not, Socrates, providing that the two be found endowed alike with common senses.

*Soc.* But is it not affirmed of the one that it is mortal, and of the other that it is immortal ? How is this, Cebes ? Is the affirmative true, or is it the case that if the one be mortal the other likewise must be, or if immortal, so also must be the other ?

*Ceb.* I may only maintain that unless some difference be shown to exist, what the one is, that also must the other be.

*Soc.* What do you understand, Cebes, by these senses of organic life of which we are speaking ?

*Ceb.* That there are six means through which a man

learns — as sight, taste, smell, hearing, and touch, the latter being of two kinds, special and general.

*Soc.* And you know of no other media of information either for men or brutes?

*Ceb.* What others can there be?

*Soc.* And the brutes, alike with men, you will maintain, are found possessed of these senses?

*Ceb.* It requires not, that attempt be made to show that this is the case.

*Soc.* You must hold then, of necessity, Cebes, that if Hades exists, brutes, equally with men, are its occupants.

*Ceb.* You say right, Socrates; this I hold.

*Soc.* But is not man, some men — yourself, let us say, Cebes, to make a good example — found possessed of a concept of certain things of which brutes never have exhibited expression?

*Ceb.* By Jupiter! you say right, Socrates. Of the Thunderer himself, as an illustration.

*Soc.* Well exampled, Cebes, yet no man has ever touched, tasted, smelled, seen, or heard a God.

*Ceb.* Pardon, Socrates. On such showing it is impossible that a man can know that there is a God; yet it is seen that a multitude of even the most simple people possess such knowledge.

*Soc.* But not all people?

*Ceb.* By Jupiter! no, Socrates; some of the Positiv-

ists, for example. But are you to pretend that there is a difference in men? or, to put it in other words, that the men who do not know God are like the brutes, and that there are others who possess a something not common to this organic life of which we are speaking? these being the ones who have this knowledge?

*Soc.* Must this not be the case, Cebes, unless that you can show that God is to be known either by being touched, smelled, tasted, heard, or seen?

*Ceb.* On the showing of the argument, I know not how to deny it.

*Soc.* But you affirm that some men know of God?

*Ceb.* Wherever man exists, there is found, in some form or other, this knowledge.

*Soc.* How is it as to where other animals exist?

*Ceb.* It would not seem that a knowledge of God is found apart from man.

*Soc.* Is this not still another paradox that you are making, Cebes? You see and say that two things are alike, and yet in the same breath declare a dissimilarity. Let me see, however, if I can help you out, for if things are alike, then surely can they not be unlike, and if they are unlike it is quite impossible that they should be alike. There is, then, difference or no difference.

*Ceb.* How not?

*Soc.* And if it be not the case that brutes know of God, then neither can man have such knowledge, unless that the one differs from the other?

*Ceb.* So it would seem to be, Socrates.

*Soc.* Neither, unless a difference can be shown, is it possible to deny immortality to brutes, if such a prerogative be insisted on for man?

*Ceb.* It is not possible.

*Soc.* We must show then that a man possesses something that the brute does not, if we would have any reason for believing the former immortal?

*Ceb.* This, Socrates, must surely be shown.

*Soc.* But in such showing, might it not come out that there are many men not unlike brutes?

*Ceb.* How not? Melitus, for example.

*Soc.* What is to be done with such men, Cebes?

*Ceb.* Such, by the showing, are not men, but brutes; unless, indeed, some other name be selected as a mark to them who have this something not possessed by the others.

*Soc.* You shall make what distinction you will, Cebes, but you will find the line a hard one to draw.

*Ceb.* Give name, Socrates, to this something which makes a distinction of such importance.

*Soc.* It is a something never seen in the brute, not always in man, yet which finds that which is capable of receiving and holding it alone in the human being. Suppose that we call it MIND, Cebes?

*Ceb.* We will call it mind, Socrates, if so be this please you.

*Soc.* But what do you esteem as mind, Cebes?

*Ceb.* Mind is that which moves matter, or it is a something that comes out of matter, and which thinks.

*Soc.* Then it cannot be mind; for not only brutes, but even vegetables, possess this you describe, and our premise now is that human beings are alone capable to it. Shall we then try again, Cebes? and might we venture to name this something INTELLIGENCE?

*Ceb.* You mock me, Socrates?

*Soc.* I appeal to Simmias. Are we not at a dead-lock, Simmias, unless that we discover a something in man never met with in other forms of life?

*Sim.* It needs not to be argued, Socrates.

*Ceb.* It is not at all difficult, Socrates, to perceive that this last is not the thing we seek, for intelligence characterizes, to a greater or lesser extent, all animals.

*Soc.* You correct me happily, Cebes; it cannot be intelligence. Might it not, however, be the something that we call INNATE, as, for example, the religious sentiment?

*Ceb.* It is this, Socrates, for surely will it not be possible to find the religious in brutes.

*Soc.* Yet, as I bethink me, Cebes, it cannot be an innate sentiment or thing, because, as we were compelled to agree, it must be a something found alone in man, and it just comes to me to perceive that innate and instinct mean the same; and as, undeniably, the

instinctive is more marked in the lower animals than in man, the advantage would be given to the brutes by the admission of such a premise.

*Ceb.* By Jupiter, Socrates, I see not how it could be otherwise.

*Soc.* Shall we call it, then, INDIVIDUALITY?

*Ceb.* Neither this, Socrates, for one has not to observe for much space of time even the most insignificant of insects before that he perceives an inclination in each to look out for itself.

*Soc.* Shall we call it, then, a SENSE?

*Ceb.* This truly, Socrates, providing that we have not already exhausted these attributes, and that it may be shown there is a seventh sense, which sense is peculiar to man.

*Soc.* Has a brute, Cebes, the quality of APPREHENSION?

*Ceb.* Meaning by this, what, Socrates?

*Soc.* Meaning a perception of things which are not to be tasted, smelled, heard, seen, or felt.

*Ceb.* Surely, Socrates, no brute ever exhibited possession of such a quality.

*Soc.* Neither brutes of high degree nor of low?

*Ceb.* Neither reptiles which are the lowest, nor elephants which are the highest, Socrates.

*Soc.* Is any character of knowledge to be found in man which may not possibly have come to him through the inlets of the organic senses?

*Ceb.* I hesitate to make answer, Socrates.

*Soc.* Yet you say that man knows of the existence of God. Does man comprehend God, Cebes?

*Ceb.* Why not?

*Soc.* We have been compelled to see that to comprehend a thing is to have judgment of it; and, as well, did we acquaint ourselves with the fact that judgment is that perception which arises out of the uses of the animal senses. How then, Cebes, is it possible to have comprehension of a thing never seen, felt, tasted, heard, or smelled?

*Ceb.* How not, Socrates?

*Soc.* But man knows God, and yet it is seen that he may not have come to such acquaintance through comprehension. Must there not, then, of necessity, Cebes, be an inlet of knowledge to man, which is a something distinct from the senses which subserve the purposes of his needs as an animal?

*Ceb.* We must deny that he knows God, or otherwise agree to what you suggest, Socrates.

*Soc.* We assume as undeniable the responsibility of the senses of organic life to the offices of an organism in which they are found: the Sight shows the precipice, Sensation distinguishes fire. This, Cebes, you understand?

*Ceb.* Nothing may be more plain.

*Soc.* Comprehension, then, resides in reason. Let

us see how very fallible a thing this reason is. Reason may not justly and truly explain even that which is within the province of its judgment, inasmuch as it has its lessons alone through the senses ; and the nature, number, and character of these so vary that it is impossible that like impressions be conveyed to all. Thus, an apple is a thing that has taste, or, it is a thing that is without taste, according as it is judged of by a man who possesses the peculiar appreciative sense or who is deficient in it. It is a thing having odor, or, it is a thing scentless,—as olfaction happens to be present or absent. No man may take it on himself to describe an apple ; and yet, whatever an apple seems to be to any particular individual, that same thing it surely is to that person. To a blind man an apple is a fruit having taste, smell, sound, substance, but it is a thing minus color ; to him who is paralytic it is a something yielding no impression to touch ; to the deaf it has no crackle in it when pressed ; if a man could be found entirely deficient in the senses of an organism, an apple would be, to this one, a nothing.

*Ceb.* Or if a man could be found having an added sense or senses, an apple would be to such what it has never been discovered to be by any other ?

*Soc.* This surely would be the case, Cebes ; a thing is according to the senses by which it is judged.

*Ceb.* Then is it not the case that things are not, in

themselves, but that the existence lies wholly in a something that is a percipient?

*Soc.* Wiser than we, my dear Cebes, hold this.

*Ceb.* Who? to name one or more.

*Soc.* The subjective philosophers, Plato, among the ancients; he whom they call the Idealist, among the moderns.

*Ceb.* What do such say?

*Soc.* Your memory is strangely at fault, Cebes. Let me recall your wandering wits. Heed, if what I quote be not of familiar sound.

Idea is the essence or reality of a thing. For instance, there is a multiplicity of beds and tables.

“Certainly.”

But these two kinds are comprised, one under the idea of a bed, and the other under the idea of a table?

“Without doubt.”

And we say that the carpenter who makes one of these articles, makes the bed or the table according to the idea he has of each. For he does not make the idea itself. That is impossible.

“Truly that is impossible.”

Well, now, what name shall we bestow on the workman whom I am going to name?

“What workman?”

Him who makes what all other workmen make separately.

“ You speak of a powerful man.”

Patience ! you will admire him still more. This workman has not only the talent of making all the works of art, but also all the works of nature, plants, animals, everything else,—in a word, himself. He makes the heaven, the earth, the gods, everything in heaven, earth, or hell.

“ You speak of a wonderful workman, truly.”

You seem to doubt me. But tell me, do you think there is no such workman? or do you think that in one sense any one could do all this, but in another no one could? Could you not yourself succeed in a certain way?

“ In what way?”

It is not difficult ; it is often done, and in a short time. Take a mirror and turn it round on all sides. In an instant you will have made the sun, the earth, yourself, the animals and plants, works of art, and all we mentioned.

“ Yes, the images, the appearances, but not the real things.”

Very well, you comprehend my opinion. The painter is a workman of this class, is he not ?

“ Certainly.”

You will tell me that he makes nothing real, although he makes a bed in a certain way ?

“ Yes ; but it is only an appearance, an image.”

And the carpenter; is the bed which he makes anything more than a certain bed; it is not that which is the idea or essence of the bed?

“It is not.”

If, then, he does not make the idea of a bed, he makes nothing real, but only something which represents that which really exists. And if any one maintain that the carpenter’s work has a real existence, he will be in error.

*Ceb.* But is there not something in way of demonstration to show that the world is not merely subjective?

*Soc.* The demonstration lies within a man’s self. That which thinks, Is.\* The nervous system of a man is

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\* Rene Des Cartes, the founder of modern philosophy (1596), gained what seems to be a strictly reliable basis upon which to construct a system when he assumed that, in order to find truth, one must start in the denial of any or every thing that has not in itself the demonstration of its own reality. Any one who attempts such manner of inquiry will be compelled to find, with the Torrainean, that an only thing which possesses such a capability is self-consciousness as this exists in THINKING. To THINK, is necessarily TO BE. Hence the famous Cartesian aphorism, “Cogito, ergo sum.” Farther on in this dialogue we shall assume to show that it is the brain which thinks; the thinking being an organic expression. In saying, however, “it is the brain that thinks,” the second part of the discourse is to show that this is one with saying “it is a flute that plays.” The full text of the argument is at this point Socratic and is to find its criticism in what is to follow. A brain to think with, and a flute to play upon, are used as illustrative of objectivity.

That which thinks ; the nervous system is Matter — Matter makes up the world. But whist, Cebes, this all in good turn. You doubt not, my friend, that a judgment which is not to be relied upon to tell us of an apple which one holds in the hand, stands in very little place when one attempts to reason about God ?

*Ceb.* I see plainly that judgment can tell nothing at all about God. It is evident, that by learning, God cannot be found out, or that search will not discover him.

*Soc.* Still, he is known ?

*Ceb.* He is known indeed, Socrates.

*Soc.* Let us hasten to the understanding of that which they who apprehend, tell us.

*Ceb.* But first, Socrates, I check my curiosity to understand somewhat more of this subjectiveness. What says the modern to whom you have alluded ?

*Soc.* It is not delay, Cebes ; for to know of Berkeley and of Idealism, is to find ourselves put far on the way.

*Ceb.* If I am not wrong, Socrates, this man was accounted as possessed of great virtue ?

*Soc.* Virtuous and learned and noble, was he, above all the men of his time, Cebes. And yet all this goodness was, perhaps, no merit to the man.

*Ceb.* You speak a paradox.

*Soc.* The martyr was a god.

*Ceb.* It is well, Socrates, that this is two thousand years after.

*Soc.* Was not Christ a God, Cebes?

*Ceb.* You blaspheme, Socrates.

*Soc.* Save your strictures, Cebes, and answer ; yes or no.

*Ceb.* Only the foolish deny it.

*Soc.* And was not Christ a man ?

*Ceb.* Meaning by this, what, Socrates ?

*Soc.* You are dull, Cebes ; meaning that his body would bleed when wounded, and that his flesh when pierced and torn would breed scars ; meaning that his locomotion was by means of muscles, and that his uprightness in posture lay in the foundations of a skeleton.

*Ceb.* He truly was born, and grew apace, as other men.

*Soc.* But he was not like other men.

*Ceb.* You confound and confuse me, Socrates. And if I was not in confidence as to the coming out, I would fear to be longer a listener.

*Soc.* The God and Christ are one, Cebes ; and withal, England has seen no such God-man as Berkeley.

*Ceb.* How could people see a God ?

*Soc.* Not with their eyes, Cebes ; so that all who had not other means of beholding, called the good bishop a fool.

*Ceb.* It was natural, then, that Christ should have been deemed an impostor ?

*Soc.* Like may only be known by like ; such alone called him God as were themselves more than mortal.

*Ceb.* Must a man, then, be as a God in order to know God ?

*Soc.* Your judgment shall be after the argument, Cebes. But heed of the Idealist. Here was a man who tutored his body into such complete subjection to the infinite, that in the end he lost consciousness of the existence of his mortal parts, and came to deny that anything like matter had being outside of the perceptions. How, Cebes, could such an one be tempted as are common men — meaning, by being tempted, to exhibit animal appetites and weakness — seeing that these appetites were not present with him, their place being occupied by that other something of which we are to discourse ?

The philosophers, Cebes, are often ridiculed for distinguishing between the not self and the self ; but hold you ever in mind, that it is the philosophers who are the wise men, and that they are the silly who deride their distinctions. A Nearches cannot pound a Zeno in a mortar.

Imprimis, Cebes, it is to be understood that bodily traits are of temperament, and of the disposition of parts ; so that, as the animal attributes of a man are concerned, the human differs in no respect from the common brute creation — the one race having alike with the other,

passions, wants, and necessities ; and having, for the direction, government, and provision of these, certain instincts which constitute the laws of an animal organization. This being understood — and the truthfulness of it requires no controversy — it is to be recognized, that in the actions of men, unrestrained and uninfluenced, we are to expect that same difference which we perceive to distinguish the brutes ; these being found, mild or fierce, tractable or intractable, according to the humors of each. But heed, Cebes. A man is more, or better saying it, he may be more, than an animal. To man there may be solicited *that*, which, when it is taken into him, and when it is allowed to become his director and guide, is found to introduce him to greater pleasure than any known to the instincts, and when a man courts this higher something as his supreme controller, giving himself up fully to its direction, he is led to find a happiness and an elevation in living of which the common man — the pointer of pins — knows nothing.

And here it is, Cebes, that we are to find the origin of that idea of original sin about which men so unnecessarily bother themselves. It is not that in man exists an evil principle, unless indeed it can be shown that the instincts are evil ; and to show this, would be to discover error in the Creator. The rather is it, that things which are called of evil and depravity are of ill-seeming only through being brought into conflict with

that which is of other origin and nature. Heed, my Cebes. We are to consider a wonderful paradox, namely, that a man may have a soul, and that a man may be without a soul ; and if such a distinction be shown to exist, it is seen that the difference between what is called a good man and what is esteemed a bad one, lies simply in this—that the one is a creature living solely and wholly in the laws of an animal organization ; the other has been raised through an added element into a something higher. I will show you, Cebes, that what are called the faults and follies of the one class, are to be treated with that leniency with which we consider the vices of brutes ; it will, on the other hand, exhibit itself, that the actions of a God are to be judged by the attributes of a God. That then, which—when found in man—is deemed of evil in the abstract, will be seen to be nothing else than organization ; and it may not of possibility have any more of demerit in it than has the ferociousness of a panther's cub, or than is to be esteemed, as in itself commendable, the playfulness of a cat's kitten—both alike are expressions of organization, and the ferociousness is as natural as the gentleness, the bite as natural as the play.

*Ceb.* By such showing no wrong is to be found ?

*Soc.* By such showing, charity is to find sympathy for the natural actions of animals, whether these animals be in shape like unto brutes or men. Heed, Cebes ! The

law of the man is the law of the association in which he finds himself. Everything is wrong which produces discomfort; everything is right which yields pleasure. To distinguish, then, between pain and pleasure, is to discriminate between wrong and right. Evil and good are correlative, and the evil of to-day may well prove to be the good of the morrow, as, on the other hand, it has been often enough found that a good of one hour is the sting and smart of another. It was only a week back, as well we recall, that my horse, snapping his rein, did take to those strong swift strides, which, when practised in the fields of his pasturage, we have, together, so often extolled, because of the metal and fleetness found in them ; yet did the road, upon which this time he ran, lead to a precipice ; and thus that which we had pronounced good proved an instrument of destruction. And may either of us forget the suffering which came even to yourself, Cebes, from the abuse of things, natural and good in themselves ? When Lucon drowned himself at the spring, it was only that he employed unwisely and inexpeditently a thing which, to all his previous years, had had for him the meaning of that very life which at the last it destroyed. So what was it that Zuras said of family ties grown cumbersome to him ? And did we not agree with him that he had natural right to tire of whom he would, and that he might, in the proprieties of the same nature,

take up whatsoever of the new that he elected? Yet this has not been found expedient by Zuras, for now is he seen to be of all men not only the most delinquent, but the one most dissatisfied and wretched. Is it not, then, wise, Cebes, that a man deny the directions of the instincts as hastily as possible? not for the reason that these lead wrong, but because it is known that there are pleasanter and better ways in which one may walk. As for ourselves, we will assuredly not find that we are wrong in agreeing with Epicurus that the pleasures of the body are not to be compared with those of the soul, and while we may take to ourselves no credit for being of better natural parts than is Zuras, yet do we demonstrate, through what we get from life, that we are of wiser action; for while it is seen that our friend has a home which is little different from a kennel, others—they who are opposite to him in practice—do find his barren spot the most bountiful and gracious oasis of existence. And yet, Cebes, both kennel and home—as it is not to be denied—find their signification in a law of association; for did Zuras live where alone snarl dogs and foxes, and where the hospice is unknown, he might not discover the loss of anything—he would be poor to wretchedness; albeit, he would know nothing of the absence of wealth. Is all this not well put by Herillus, where he so ably shows that circumstances and events change the mean-

ing of good, just as the same piece of brass might become a statue either of Alexander, or,—let us say, of Cebes? And was I not right when I gave it as an aphorism to Thætetus, that whatever things appear just and honorable to each city, these are so to that city so long as it thinks them so?

There are demigods, Cebes, and these walk the earth, and in seeming are like common men; but there is a great, even if an unseen, difference—they are not as common men. Who, in all Leyden, was like unto the student Heinsius, as he sat in the lap of eternity amongst the divine souls? And what but the God carried *Æneas* in his flight from Dido? It is not difficult to show that a man possesses, or may possess, a something, which pertains not to the capability of the brute.

No error is so great, no one so destructive to the true purpose and intent of living, as that which considers what is ordinarily called success, as necessarily the true success. No advantage can be a true gain, in which the signification is temporary; no accumulation can have the meaning of riches, where the coin has currency in the day alone on which it has been gathered; yet these are the advantages that a multitude seek, and which, when secured, receive the plaudits of a greater multitude. Is the meaning plain, Cebes? Is it the soul which is to govern the body, or

is it the body that is to govern the soul? Or shall we consider that I spoke the full truth when I affirmed, formerly, that a soul while imprisoned in a body might not live its life of wisdom? It is a little thing, and quick done with, this present of ours, yet where is the man but that refuses to enjoy it? Not that men are wise, and in an understanding of the transitory character of a present, seek to lay up treasures for use in some other day that shall be longer; quite the contrary—that other day is the last thing that enters into the calculation. Heed, Cebes, a demigod is that man whose soul is strong enough to coerce the body. As an example, a better, perhaps, might not be pointed out than this same Idealist, whose fulness and strength of soul were so great that he might not esteem matter as being anything else than a subjective existence; and yet, my friend, all the learning of Cloyne's bishop did not save the great and good man from the slurs and innuendoes of the pin-pointers—but the ridicule did not make a pin-pointer out of the demigod.

One is to understand of Idealism, Cebes, in understanding that God's ways are not as are men's ways, and that in proportion as a human draws to himself a soul, so, in like proportion, does matter become annihilated to him. This, I think, is all, Cebes; although the philosophers, when they discourse of Idealism, do not put it after this manner, but speak rather somewhat thus:

All sensation, they would say, is to be found within a man's self. What any one thinks that he sees or handles or hears, this he perceives within his own consciousness, and not as an object which has existence in itself. The existence of a thing lies in the idea of the thing ; and as an idea may only exist to the consciousness, so a thing cannot be anything else than subjective.

*Ceb.* Would the Idealist say that a brick is not a brick, or that a tree which stands in one's way is not at all in the place where it seems to be? If he says thus, does he speak else than nonsense, Socrates?

*Soc.* You forget our own definition, Cebes: "a thing is, to the uses of the senses, what to the senses it seems to be." Whether a thing exists as object or subject, makes no jot of difference as the needs and necessities of the conscious man are concerned. A brick is found to answer the purpose of the wall, and what serves the meaning of fruit is plucked from a tree. One has no concern to trouble himself as to whether bricks or trees are external or internal.

*Ceb.* You say that this founder was of great learning?

*Soc.* He was inspired, Cebes—as men are inspired who speak the words of the God within them.

*Ceb.* I think, Socrates, that we have here come to an involvement from which we shall scarcely extricate ourselves. You accept, with Des-Cartes, that conscious-

ness is existence, and you have declared your intention and ability to show that consciousness has existence alone in a brain, and that a brain is matter—transferring thus existence from an idea to an object. Now you accept, as using the speech of the God, one who separates consciousness from matter, denying any objective existence to the latter. See, Socrates, the God separates what you put together.

*Soc.* What if we should say, Cebes, that consciousness is subjective to the God?

*Ceb.* We are extricated, Socrates; and it is seen that the God makes a world by the simple act of turning a thought to its creation.

*Soc.* How would you explain this, Cebes?

*Ceb.* Nothing is easier. Objects being things having existence alone in consciousness, we have only to assume that in like manner consciousness is subjective to the mind of the God; just as you put it, Socrates; and thus, understanding, of our own consciousness, how things are made to us, we are at no loss in perceiving how the God, even by so simple a means as an act of thought, may make not only men and other animals, but as well a world. Why, even a man, Socrates, can do much of the same thing, and indeed, according to this showing, he is constantly engaged in creating.

*Soc.* Yet, Cebes, these Christians, among whom we find ourselves, dispute as to the ability of the God to resurrect their bodies.

*Ceb.* Do such not see, Socrates, that in every dream they of themselves perform this miracle?

*Soc.* It is strange, Cebes; but they see it not, even though it be so plain. But now that there are no Eleven to prevent, let us separate, for I perceive that Apollodorus gives much evidence of weariness. Tomorrow we will have the argument and demonstration, and with the God's help we shall not then part until we know, even as we are known.



SOUL.

57



## THE SOUL.

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*Soc.* The argument, Cebes, is founded on the quality of what we have defined as APPREHENSION.

As man knows himself and finds himself, so he is able, directly and indirectly, to recognize the existence of seven senses: 1, of Sight; 2, of Taste; 3, of Smell; 4, of Hearing; 5, of Special Touch; 6, of General Sensation; and 7, of Apprehension. The first six of these, as we have felt ourselves compelled to acknowledge, are common to man and the animals at large. The seventh is not necessarily a possession of man, yet, when met with, is found in the human alone.

Whatever, *in reality*, things may be, things are to the uses of the senses what to the senses they seem to be; and a thing, anything, howsoever different it may appear to different people, is, to the uses of each person, what, to the sense which would employ it, it seems to

that sense to be. This, Cebes, we will consider as established, unless indeed the keen power of analysis that lies within you may discover a weakness, and thus demolish the assumption.

*Ceb.* My thoughts have done nothing but consider the definition, Socrates, since yester-noon it was given by you. I accept it as irrefutable. It is a wonderful definition, for I cannot but see that it completely reconciles even such opposites as the subjective and objective philosophies.

*Sim.* It is your Dæmon, Socrates, that has spoken the word.

*Soc.* You understand me, then ; the senses have office — one sense sees, another tastes, a third hears, a fourth smells, a fifth and sixth touch. What, now, Cebes, is the office of this seventh ? for surely, if it is a sense, it may not be without office of some kind or other.

*Ceb.* I do not forget, Socrates, that we have pronounced it to be the sense which has to do with the something which distinguishes the capabilities of the man from other animals.

*Soc.* Well remembered, Cebes. Then, as no office is found for this sense as relation is had with the material wants, and as a sense may not exist without office, so the demonstration is to be considered as complete that it is the instrument of man's relation with the God.

*Ceb.* Does a sense exist elsewhere than in itself?

*Soc.* What penetration you exhibit, Cebes But let us see. What is a Sense? For instance, what would you call the sense of sight?

*Ceb.* I would say that the sense of sight is an instrument composed of eyes, optic nerves, and lobes; these constituting a system whose office it is to see.

*Soc.* And would you say that if there was no such a system as this, that then there would be no such a thing as sight?

*Ceb.* It shows itself to be as you say.

*Soc.* Remember, Cebes, you have admitted that the measure of things exists alone in the senses. Do you mean us to understand by this, that things appreciated and understood alone through Sight would have no existence to a man who is without this system or sense that you have so learnedly named?

*Ceb.* How might it be otherwise, Socrates?

*Soc.* And would you further say that if there was in the world no such a thing as the sense of sight, that then likewise all things which are seen, would have no existence, as sight is concerned?

*Ceb.* This I say.

*Soc.* And suppose, Cebes, that all the senses by which men know the world were abolished?

*Ceb.* Then it follows, Socrates, that there would be no world.

*Soc.* What say you, Simmias; is the conclusion right?

*Sim.* I see not how Cebes may say otherwise.

*Soc.* Give heed, Cebes. You have proven to our satisfaction that sight exists in Sight, and likewise of the other senses that the meaning of each lives in a same manner. Now, what is that sense which tells us about the God?

*All.* Oh! Socrates.

*Soc.* Give it name, Cebes.

*Ceb.* I am overwhelmed, and dare not speak the word.

*Soc.* How is it, Cebes, with men who do not know the God?

*Ceb.* It follows necessarily, Socrates, that they do not differ from the brutes.

*Soc.* A man differs from a brute, then, in proportion to the quality and amount of the sense of Apprehension found with him?

*Ceb.* On the showing; this is to be accepted.

*Soc.* Then, if a man be met with who, being deficient in those common senses which conduce to earthly lore, or having them of such mean quality that the judgment and thinking that come of them are beneath commendation; if such a man be found possessed in abundance of the seventh sense, shall it prove to be the case that this one knows more of God than may a multitude of brighter men?

*Ceb.* It seems to me, Socrates, that we have only to put it thus: If a multitude be deficient in the sense

of Sight, and one be found greatly endowed in such quality, shall not this latter see things clearer and better than may all the others, even if put together?

*Soc.* You comprehend me, Cebes. Who knows of the God is told by the God. In proportion as a man knows of the Divinity, so, it would seem, the Divine is within him. Can a man cultivate the sense of Touch, Cebes?

*Ceb.* Why not?

*Soc.* Or may the sense of Hearing be enlarged?

*Ceb.* Witness the refinements of the musicians, Socrates.

*Soc.* What then follows concerning this sense of Apprehension? Can a man, Cebes, grow the God in himself?

*Ceb.* It follows as a necessity.

*Soc.* According, then, as a man cultivates the Divine sense, so is he found to know of that which the sense is; just, indeed, as in proportion to the acuteness of the common senses possessed by him is he found able to tell well, or indifferently, of what is touch, taste, smell, or condition. What we call inspired men are men preëminently endowed with Godliness. Moses had such largess that ages before the physicist had named the sage knew, through the God that occupied him, of the secrets of creation. Christ was so full of the God that all men who have God in them call him

“The God,” just, Cebes, as a drop of water might call the lake a sea. Yet in turn did Christ speak of the God: “Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.”

Is the God immortal, Cebes?

*Ceb.* It so declares itself to be, and knowing necessarily itself, what is affirmed, is.

*Soc.* But what of a man? Is a man likewise immortal?

*Ceb.* I may answer only through the argument, Socrates. If God is immortal then man is immortal, and his consciousness of the immortality would seem to be in proportion to the God possessed by him.

*Soc.* But how about men who do not possess this quality of Godliness?

*Ceb.* Such, by the showing, cannot be immortal, for, as we have seen, the difference between man and the brute lies alone in this quality, and if men having it not, are immortal, we have seen that brutes likewise must be immortal; and this last is not so by the speaking of the God.

*Soc.* Then, walking the earth, there are men and God-men — or demigods?

*Ceb.* The argument would show that it is thus, Socrates.

*Soc.* Then we are to say that that idea of Pythagoras, that the soul is a necessary circle, is not a just idea? Or rather would you prefer to say, Cebes, that Æthalides

did, indeed, become Euphorbus, and that in turn Euphorbus became Hermotimus ; Hermotimus still in turn Pyrrhus, and that yet again Pyrrhus passed into the son of the seal-engraver ?

*Ceb.* I think, Socrates, that it corresponds best with what we opine of the God, to say the latter.

*Soc.* But what concerning a transmigration through other animals ?

*Ceb.* The argument shows that here the Tyrrhenian was wrong ; except, indeed, that it might be shown he was not without understanding of the transmigrations which convert stones into vegetables, vegetables into beasts, and beasts into men, and that thus he understood a Providence which, in the end, brings all things into a circle. Think you that Pythagoras understood this, Socrates ?

*Soc.* You must recall what he said of the monad. But why say you, Cebes, that a metempsychosis corresponds with what a God knows of himself?—we shall say that the God is in Cebes, shall we not ?

*Ceb.* If so be it pleases you, Socrates, you may say that Cebes courts the God. But make answer ; is the God, and that which we call Life, anything different ?

*Soc.* They are different, Cebes ; that is, different to the extent that one is Cause, the other, Effect.

*Ceb.* This has not been shown.

*Soc.* Nothing has as yet been demonstrated ; we are coming to this, Cebes.

*Ceb.* Give it definition, Socrates.

*Soc.* Will it suit the purpose of what you would say, to esteem it as Severalty existing in Oneness ?

*Ceb.* I stand rebuked, and will not again forget that you have before so named it. And, indeed, I should shame to have to be reminded, because of the alarm it created.

*Soc.* Use this, then, if it stands your purpose, Cebes.

*Ceb.* It stands it well, Socrates ; for if the God have Severalty, then it follows that the Entity is broken up in its offices, and if broken up in its offices, why should these go out because that a desk breaks down or a roof falls in ; the office is not in desk or roof ?

*Soc.* Then we are to esteem Cebes as a Pythagorean ?

*Ceb.* Give heed, Socrates. Would you say that when the God goes out of a man because that the body falls to pieces, that then the God ceases to perform an office, and that an eternity is spent in the stillness and nothingness which come of being without office ?

*Soc.* I would say not thus, Cebes ; but the rather agree with what I infer you would say, namely, that the story of Ponticus is true, and that Pythagoras is indeed the son of Mercury.

*Ceb.* Then are we to say that the God has no better office than that in which a God-man finds himself ?

*Soc.* A God-man is certainly to say this as concern is had to himself, and as regard is had to his offices and influence. Is not the God the happiness and grace of the world, Cebes?

*Ceb.* This, of necessity.

*Soc.* How is it, Cebes?

*Ceb.* I see it all, Socrates. It is through his residence in man.

*Soc.* Then does it not follow that the God continues as he is known ; that is, as a God-man knows himself; for if with each change he should take himself away, and come not back again, what could save the world from having each day, and day after day, somewhat less of that which you say constitutes its happiness and grace ?

*Ceb.* You would say, Socrates, that it is for a man to do his best in a situation in which he finds himself—not troubling the God about any to-morrow.

*Soc.* I would say, Cebes, that the God has no to-morrow.



MIND.

WHO, AND WHAT IS MAN?



## WHO, AND WHAT IS MAN?

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*Soc.* Understand of what has been said, Cebes, through what is now said.

*Ceb.* Unless, indeed, Socrates, the God has already given me to understand it.

*Soc.* It is well spoken. And if it be that He fault the present discourse, then is our show of demonstration to be esteemed of less import than the sound of a bell; for this, as we well know, has its tone, not in solidity, but in that which is directly the reverse of this, namely, in emptiness.

*Ceb.* Give rule, Socrates. How does the God fault a discourse?

*Soc.* He turns from it, Cebes, as not finding within it that which satisfies. But give heed, and may the God be with us and help us — me, to unravel and explain; you, to comprehend.

We start, Cebes, by assuming the existence—as a comprehensible thing—of a creation, secondary, and, as it is found in that which constitutes its life and movements, external to and independent of any immediate controlling action on the part of a Creator. We assume this, because creation discovers to the understanding two materials, principles, or entities, and two only. The physicist, having these two, finds in them everything which has to do with the earth as it is, and with the phenomena associated with its life. The entities which compose the creation, are Force and Matter.

Exclusion discovers a third ENTITY—an ENTITY apprehensible, but only negatively comprehensible; an ENTITY which this same exclusion shows to have necessarily preceded Force and Matter, and out of which these must have come. Here, Cebes, is the “Idea” of our pupil Plato, and here is the “Substance”—the Noumenon—of Spinoza. No learning, no exploration, no anything, ever has been found able to discover Force and Matter as entities of self-creation.

*Ceb.* Was it not Spinoza, Socrates, who asserted that in a single entity is the expression of all phenomena? If I remember rightly, he queried somewhat after this manner. In the beginning, he said, was God, and the God was the all. How then may a thing, he asked, even the God, being the all and the everything, create out of itself a thing unlike itself?

*Soc.* It was the question of a profound logician, Cebes, and it unsettled — unfortunately, and to the great grief of the sage — all men who were not God-men. But have you not, even already, answered the matter for yourself? Did we not recognize that even a man, any man, might do this which the Jew denied even the power of the God to do?

*Ceb.* I understand, Socrates. You do not say that Spinoza was wrong, but that he erred in using mortal eyes, and in telling of what he saw with an immortal tongue.

*Soc.* You speak yourself with a poet's tongue, Cebes; Anytus himself might not have put it better; the Jew did indeed forget the difference between his own ears and the ears to which he spoke. But carry your memory back to the admission you made in assenting to that which you acknowledged as reconciling the opposite conclusions of the objective and subjective schools of philosophy.

*Ceb.* In showing the mistake of Protagoras you have shown the error of Spinoza. I am answered, Socrates.

*Soc.* Say rather, Cebes, that I show an error in the putting of a thing. But we may go on. Man is of the earth, earthy; this, necessarily, because of his constitution. He may be, or may not be, of the God, godly; he may be without a soul; he may differ in no respect, except in capability, from a brute or from a vegetable.

*Ceb.* This you are to demonstrate.

*Soc.* This I am to demonstrate.

*Sim.* We listen, Socrates, with all interest.

*Crito.* Socrates would have us physicists as well as philosophers.

*Soc.* I would have a man know himself.

*Sim.* A moment, Socrates, if I may be pardoned the interruption. It was one of these moderns in much repute\* who, in contradistinction to what you hold, taught his countrymen that the Soul is as a *tabula rasa*, and that all that comes to it comes from without — that in the infant it is best likened to a sheet of white paper. Do you say that this is error?

*Soc.* He should have said Mind, Simmias, and then it would not have been error.

*Ceb.* Simmias emboldens me to add that another of not less character† likened the mind to a block of marble, in which the statue is prefigured by the veins in the block, and that thus all — defect or beauty — is from within, and that nothing is from without. What of this, Socrates?

*Soc.* It was the error of mistaking Temperament for Mind, and the one was not less wrong than was the other — a sheet is not the table on which it lies. But let us to the demonstration. Shall we begin, Cebes, by

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\* Locke.

† Leibnitz.

asserting that man is an Automaton, and thus agree with the physicists?

*Ceb.* This, if so be it pleases you.

*Soc.* What would you say of a watch, Cebes? is this also an automaton?

*Ceb.* Meaning by this, just what, Socrates?

*Soc.* Meaning that it is a machine, which, when once set going, runs the length of its spring without other direction.

*Ceb.* A man certainly is found to accomplish his functions through a motive power existing within himself.

*Soc.* A watch is found able to mark the hours and minutes and seconds of a day. How is this, Cebes? has a watch intelligence?

*Ceb.* By Jupiter, Socrates, you call a smile even to the face of Apollodorus. How can a machine have intelligence? Is your question not the same as though you had asked whether or not a watch possesses a mind?

*Soc.* Yet, Cebes, let a man question his watch when he will, and it tells him the time of day. Can anything aside from intelligence tell the time of day?

*Ceb.* I see your meaning, Socrates; intelligence alone may tell the time of day. Truly here is a paradox—a man tells himself the time of day, yet does not himself know what o'clock it is. One's own intelligence has to speak to him through a medium.

*Soc.* Can an ox speak the time of day, Cebes?

*Ceb.* I should scarcely like to trust it for the minutes and seconds, Socrates.

*Soc.* You understand me. Man is a machine; this, and nothing different. Yet is there found within him an intelligence which is to him what the time of day is to the watch. A man may tell another who looks upon him concerning things which are not of himself.

*Ceb.* But all watches will not tell the time of day?

*Soc.* Well suggested, Cebes; only such mark the hours as bear the gift of speech.

*Ceb.* And you would say, Socrates, that a man may be like a watch that runs without direction; that is, moving his hands and crying his tick-tack, yet be utterly lacking in that which is the meaning of his capability?

*Soc.* There is no difference between a watch and a man except as capability for office is concerned. See, Cebes, we may not of possibility say that the something which tells the time of day is of the watch proper, for it is seen that at times a watch has no more of such direction and office in it than has a stick or stone, yet at other times the meaning of the office is back, and we trust the voice even for the passing seconds. If an intelligence be found at times in a thing, and then again be not found in it, can we say that the intelligence is the thing, or that the thing is the intelligence?

*Ceb.* By Jupiter, Socrates, we could no more say this

than could we say that a man is the house in which he lives, or that the house is the man.

*Soc.* Then when the Time of day is not found in the watch you would not say that Time of day is dead?

*Ceb.* Surely this might not be said, Socrates, seeing that watches have been dead, so to speak, for years, and after this the office has been found not less active than ever.

*Soc.* Then because soul is not found in a body — that soul which is the capability of the human, as the time of day is the capability of the watch — you may not assert that soul is dead?

*Ceb.* I will never again deny that soul is immortal.

*Soc.* And what concerning its independence of man? Will you deny that it holds different relation to its temple from that held by intelligence to the watch?

*Ceb.* I may not deny this, Socrates, seeing that soul is found often enough absent from the body.

*Soc.* As when, Cebes?

*Ceb.* As when it is not present with any of these bodies that lie beneath the tombstones.

*Soc.* A sun-dial tells the time of day; how is this, Cebes?

*Ceb.* I could have wished the illustration completed, fearing to find myself led from that which has been made so plain.

*Soc.* It is completed, Cebes, only that we distinguish

between soul and mind as between a watch and dial ; the latter being, indeed, nothing different from a sheet of white paper, which receives and shows that which falls upon it.

*Ceb.* A dial is only a surface. Would you say, Socrates, that this is all that mind is ? that it is a thing without intelligence in itself ?

*Soc.* I would say, Cebes, that it is not, in itself, a maker of anything.

*Ceb.* Is a man of genius, Socrates, not something different, as mind is concerned, from a common man ?

*Soc.* Assuredly. But why do you not as well ask whether a dial of exquisite construction and markings differs from a rude board, out of which is brought the shadow by means of a piece of stick laid across it ?

*Ceb.* You would say, then, that genius has the meaning of an accidental refinement, or arrangement, in the disposition of parts ?

*Soc.* I understand it thus, Cebes.

*Ceb.* These moderns say that Thought is a function. What is the meaning of this, Socrates ?

*Soc.* What is the function of a sun-dial, Cebes ?

*Ceb.* If I am not wrong, the function of a dial is to show a shadow.

*Soc.* Does a dial make the shadow that it shows ?

*Ceb.* How might this be, Socrates, seeing that the shadow is a something external to it ?

*Soc.* Yet you say, that to show a shadow is the function of the dial?

*Ceb.* I may only maintain this.

*Soc.* Then function consists in a giving forth of that which comes to an organ or instrument?

*Ceb.* It would seem to be as you say.

*Soc.* Whatever the quality of a production, are we not then to look upon it as of like signification? that is, as a something received and given back? Heed, Cebes; may Thought be else than a something which has fallen upon a sentient dial? Is there any thought without experience? And is thought not seen to increase, enlarge, and intensify itself according to the scope of observation enjoyed by a man?

*Ceb.* But you would have us believe that it is not thus with soul?

*Soc.* The functionings of a soul are from within, and of itself, consequently the outgivings are in no sense reflections. Did not the Christ confound the doctors? From whence, Cebes, were the arguments used by the Christ-child? Surely they were not, in any common sense, experiences, for a thousand ordinary experiences existed with the elders where a single one was to be found with the younger; and yet Age found no speech to urge against Youth. But let us on; our interruptions confuse the demonstration.

A man, the natural man, man as an animal, is found,

when analyzed, to be made up of the two entities to which we have alluded—Matter and Force. In this he is seen to differ in no single respect from any animal or reptile which creeps or crawls over the earth, or from any tree or plant that flourishes upon its surface : there are differences in the arrangement and disposition of particles, but this is all ; the matter is the same, the force is the same, and the matter and force are constantly shifting and changing from one thing to another thing, being never continuous in one place or with one individual.

*Ceb.* Pardon, Socrates, but do you any more than assume the existence of these entities, Matter and Force ?

*Soc.* You lose memory, Cebes. We assume that these exist on the evidences of the senses which perceive them. This has already been explained, and needs no further argument. Whether these are, in reality, things subjective or things objective, makes, as has before been shown, no iota of difference. They exist to the uses of a man as the natural man knows himself and them, and man must accept their reality or be without anything. If these exist not, then man exists not.

Matter appeals to the senses, and to the experiences of the senses, as being an insensible material of which the tangible universe is composed.

Force may be described, after the same judgment, as an energy and power, insensible in itself; being not a result of molecular relation, but the cause of atomic combinations; a thing in itself, as Matter is a thing in itself.

There is no matter without its quota of force: for being without force, matter would be dead, and in the world there is no such a thing as death. Force, then, is that vital principle which is the Expression of life, and in which resides the meaning of automatic action. Has this not been well put by our pupil Plato? "Two efficient causes are there, maintains the broad-headed, namely, that which is moved, and that which moves; the things moved are the receptacles formed by the elements; that which moves is the power of God;" that is, Cebes, that which moves, is an entity which is related to the world somewhat as the Time of day is related to a watch. Do you comprehend?

*Ceb.* Perfectly.

*Soc.* Thus it is that Carneades puts it:

"Nature did make me, and she does together keep me still,  
But still the time will come when she will pull me all to pieces."

And thus, by Aristotle: Matter is moved by an Entelechy residing in it, this being the cause of a continuous movement or agitation never found absent. Thus,

too, by a modern: \* All things earthly are composed of monads. A monad is an autarchic automaton, being made up of force and matter. Heed still another: † There exists, says this one, a “welt-seele,” and this which, in the language of the metaphysician, is a non-ego, is identical with the Ego.

*Ceb.* Meaning, this latter, what, Socrates?

*Soc.* Meaning the same as the Time of day of the watch — a something which is not self-existent, but which yet is independent.

*Ceb.* What is that, Socrates, which Hegelianism teaches?

*Soc.* The German, Hegel, whose judgment is so much valued by these moderns, teaches — and teaches wisely — that the world is not an act, but an eternal movement; that it is continually creating because of that which is the force of matter. So, also, avers another, whose experience and scope of outlook render his reflections among the brightest found among men. ‡ From investigations, says this observer, carried through all the domains of chemistry and physics, we may only arrive at the conclusion that nature possesses a store of force which cannot in any way be either increased or diminished; and that therefore the quantity of force in nature is just as eternal and unalterable as the quantity of matter. Heed an example, Cebes, and consider a

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\* Leibnitz.

† Schelling.

‡ Helmholtz.

jelly-fish. Here is a case in which the conjunction of the entities we consider is so simple, that no organs have been produced. Yet a jelly-fish eats without a mouth, moves about without limbs, digests without a stomach, nourishes its parts without vessels, and it may be, builds for itself a house of shell which no testaceous animal can excel. Is there not here demonstration of life as it exists in these simples? A jelly-fish is little else than matter and force made visible.

Yet mark, Cebes, what it is that Pythagoras asserts with such show of wisdom. It is impossible, says the sage, not to perceive that ulterior to phenomena resides a Directing Power. We come always to this, my friend.

*Ceb.* Does not this modern whom men call Leibnitz, teach, with his system of monads, about the same as was held by the master Anaxagoras with his homœomeriæ.

*Soc.* Great words, Cebes, with simple meanings. The becoming and departing, said the Master, is a doctrine held by the Greeks without foundation, for nothing can ever be said to come or depart; but, since existing things may be compounded together and again divided, we should name the becoming more correctly a combination, and the departing a separation. Anaxagoras has put it well, Cebes, and so also has Empedocles: "Body is but a mingling, and then a separation of the mingled." See, Cebes, it does not satisfy

that we seek for the origin either in homœomeriæ or in the monad. There is a Something else.

The entity which exclusion discovers is an undeniable something, and must exist everywhere ; but, in the judgment of the human, what is the entity ? and where is it ? He was a wise man and a good one, him whom they yet call St. Chrysostom ; and what said the saint ? “ Of my knowledge I do know that there is a God who exists everywhere — that He is wholly everywhere, but the how, I know not ; also, that He is without beginning, ungenerated, and eternal ; but the how, I know not.” And what was that, Cebes, which was so well queried by him whom they name the “ Heavenly ” ? \* “ To say what God is not, is much easier than to say what He is.”

*Ceb.* Yet we are to comprehend the God ?

*Soc.* We are to apprehend, Cebes ; that is, provided any of the God be found with us : and if we be not thus endowed, we may pass to that plane which limits comprehension, and getting thus far we have a negative proof in that — through the process of exclusion — we know there is something else even though we be without the sense which allows the taking hold of it.

*Ceb.* Let us deny to ourselves, for the purpose of the demonstration, that we possess any other lore than that of the animal senses, for the other sense, having its

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\* Augustine.

knowledge in itself, needs nothing to its understanding. Let us proceed, Socrates, that we may understand how man as man is capable of knowing himself, for I doubt me but that Phædo, who holds his tongue so demurely, is anxious enough to find out what is the pertinence of that exclusion which marks the line between God-men and the brutes.

*Soc.* You hold me well and wisely to the point, Cebes. It is our idea to understand what is the meaning, and where the end, of scientific inquiry.

I think, Cebes, we well understand that a man may not differ from a stone, vegetable, or brute, save as it is the case that he has found with him some material or substance or thing not found in the other.

*Ceb.* This was agreed to.

*Soc.* And we pronounced this something the quality of APPREHENSION?

*Ceb.* This is what we called it.

*Soc.* Do the senses, Cebes, perceive as existing in creation any thing beside force and matter?

*Ceb.* Why not many things?

*Soc.* Give it name, Cebes; what, for example?

*Ceb.* I am not clear, Socrates, but that mind is a something different from either of the entities you name.

*Soc.* Will you retract, then, and say that mind is the same as soul?

*Ceb.* This I perceive I may not do without admitting an immortal individuality for men who have no showing of the God in them, and as well would I have to carry to Hades, brutes and vegetables.

*Soc.* But why not admit the one, and carry the other? Why should not all men be immortal?

*Ceb.* I am at no loss in understanding that this might not be, seeing that a thing cannot be unlike itself.

*Soc.* Give it name, then, Cebes; for if mind be not a thing residing in force and matter, and if it be not of the God, then we have a great discovery before us.

*Ceb.* Explain me this, Socrates: How can a thing that reasons be alike with a thing that does nothing but reflect that which falls upon it?

*Soc.* If you insist on an answer, Cebes, you must let me go on after my own fashion. I doubt not that ere long we shall come to the place of a reply.

A man is an organized body; a brute is an organized body; vegetables are organized bodies; men, brutes, and vegetables have thus existence and function in one and the same law. A stone differs from a vegetable only as a brute differs from a man, *i. e.*, in being of a lower and of a subservient intention. A man may, and does, live and thrive on stones, but he may do so only indirectly. It is for the plant to take into itself, and to digest, the stone: it is for the ox, with his several stomachs, to convert many plants into a con-

centrated meat, which is the pabulum for man — thus soil, plants, and brutes, necessarily precede man, and are as almoners to him.

Man, of his organic nature, may act in organic relations not more intelligently than do vegetables ; he may accomplish his functions, and coördinate his movements, and, as such actions are concerned, one man may not be seen to differ from another ; albeit, between any two taken as examples there may be the difference of that which renders the one mortal, the other immortal ; or, the immortal principle, differing in its relation with a human body, even as do force and matter, may be found to exist in a varying quota : for even as it is seen of one body that it possesses much matter, of another little ; of one that it is overflowing with vitality, of another that it is sinking from lack of it — so one man will be found God-like all the way through, his fellow shall show nothing at all of the Divine.

Heed, Cebes, here is a beautiful passage from the book of the Soofees : “ You say,” says the book, “ the sea and waves, but in that remark you do not believe that you signify distinct objects, for the sea, when it heaves, produces waves, and the waves, when they settle down again, become the sea : in the same manner men — the souls of men — are the waves of God. Or, you trace with ink upon paper certain letters, but these

letters are not distinct from the ink which enabled you to write them ; in the same manner the creation is the alphabet of God, and is lost in Him.”

Organic life, Cebes, is unfilled form — is a letter drawn with an inkless pen ; a letter drawn is not less a letter made because that it is without color ; a man is not less a physical man in that he is without a soul ; for even as the ink is not the form of the letter, so soul would not seem to be a necessary attribute of humanity.

Soul is, in a sense, a correlative thing ; changing, however, never into anything else, being one from the beginning unto the end, which beginning discovers to us no origin, which end, it would seem, is never to come.

Idiots and fools, say the Egyptians, are those whose souls are in heaven, while their grosser parts walk about the earth.

A saint, affirms the Mussulman, is not to be condemned, as are other men, for the commission of bodily sin, for his soul being absorbed in the contemplation of the Divine, the bodily passions are without other directions than the instincts.

This it is, Cebes, that the Dervish holds. There is but one God, the creator of the world. When God made man, He was pleased to give him something which He did not give to any other of his creatures. God was pleased to gift man with an existence like his

own, which will not only live in the present life, but will continue to exist hereafter in another. . . . This peculiar part of man's existence is his soul. The peculiar character of this existence is such as to lead to the conviction that it is more than human, and must, therefore, be Divine ; the origin of this soul is due to a direct emanation from the Deity ; and differs from the ordinary breath of life, which all other animated nature received on its creation.\*

Action in a man is of twofold signification ; it may have relation exclusively with what is known as reflex movement — automatic action — that is, an instrument of sensation being touched, as though it might be a spring, expression is conveyed to a second element, which in its turn acts upon others, and these still in turn upon others, until the most complex results may be seen to accrue. Yet all these actions have a meaning but little different from the tones which are given forth by a violin or flute.

Now let us come to the reply. Mind is an automatic or reflective ability, residing, in varying degrees, in all organized bodies. And what is termed Reason is this same ability in working action. Let these assertions find illustration in an experiment common with these modern physiologists. If a frog be decapitated, and an irritant applied to one of its hind feet, the leg

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\* History of the Dervishes.

is withdrawn ; let the irritant be increased, and both limbs are flexed ; still increased, all the limbs are moved, the frog jumping away. Let now be applied an irritant to the inner part of the thigh, and the foot of the opposite leg is used in effort to remove the offence. Next let the foot be cut from the limb, and, after a moment of apparent reflection, the knee is moved up so as to rub the part worried.

The reasoning powers of a man may as certainly be independent of a soul, and not be a thing in itself, as in brutes what is called intelligence is not necessarily of the immortal principle. Which of two musicians, the one being in practice the other out, shall be found to discourse the finer music ? And is it not seen to be the case that the best performer accomplishes his manipulations with least premeditation or effort ? Do not the fingers cover the stops, or touch the keys, with an unconscious and unpremeditated accuracy ? Here, indeed, would what is esteemed commonly as reasoning scarcely appear to be employed —fingers move quicker than what is called thought. It would seem to be an excito-motor result, purely and simply ; and this, in truth, it is. Thus we find ourselves led to maintain that thought— reason — is only reflection ; or, to put it in other words, that it is response to external impressions.

Education is the cultivation of the excitability

residing in matter : the schoolboy, with plodding care, toils through the stanzas of a page, the alphabet being called into requisition with almost every word ; the accomplished reader gets the sense, yet pronounces—if reading to himself—never a syllable. The two differ alone in that the one person possesses uncultivated natural powers or offices ; the other has a cerebro-spinal centre, or reflecting surface, so acutely responsive, that the slightest possible impression is equivalent to a result.

Man, as an animal, would seem to be of higher organization than the brute only as the brute is of higher organization than the vegetable, the vegetable than the stone ; that is, as he is found to be possessed of refinement in attributes. Great parts in men have alone the signification of accidental molecular disposition—some men have voice with which they sing, other men are entirely without voice, being dumb ; so there are birds which sing and birds which may not sing ; mice even are there which chirp in their nooks and crannies, teaching the lesson of a oneness in nature. The man of genius is not great through his soul, but he comes to be marked as eminent among his fellows because it has happened that accident endowed him with peculiar sensibility on some aspect of the common reflecting surface of the nervous mass. He is, indeed, like the sensitized plate of the picture-maker, and the

one receives and shows forth images not more naturally and readily than does the other. Is not genius allied with disease, inasmuch as it is an abnormal condition? And has not a Genius more occasion for medicine than for gratulations? He who knows the meaning of genius, Cebes, pities the possessor, for in what is esteemed the gift is much suffering. A Genius reflects as naturally, and, in a sense, as unconsciously, as does a looking-glass hung out in face of the sun. Unmistakably is it the case, that a man may talk well, write well, do well a multitude of things, and yet do all that he does in the law of his organic relations, differing only, in the degree of his accomplishments, from the least impresible and most stupid either of men, lower animals, or vegetables. Soul, on the other hand, is an attribute which has pertaining to it associations higher and loftier than the things of colleges and books, and sensitive cerebro-spinal surfaces. As it enlarges in a man, so it is found to speak words and act actions of its own; and thus it is that the uneducated Gallilean unfolded life-lessons before which the learning and judgment of the world stands dumb; thus it is that fishermen leave their nets and write books which universities reverence as models in philosophy; thus it is that a Cyrus understands his own immortality, and that a Cicero finds in old age anticipations more pleasurable than even those begotten of the most exquisite senses of youth.

It is through the Genius alone, Cebes, that men are enabled to understand of the riches and capability of nature; great poems, great designs, great everythings are in the way alike of every human brain, just as human faces fall alike against unsensitized and sensitized plates, and yet are seen to show themselves alone from the latter; the great things of the world are of the world, and not at all of the surface that reflects and shows them. A looking-glass will show a castle, but who thinks to credit the mirror as the maker and producer of that which it exhibits? Ah, Cebes, the glory and harmony that are about us! how little should we know of these without the Genius!

*Ceb.* What, if you be wrong in all this, Socrates?

*Soc.* Answer me, my friend. Is the image shown us by the picture-maker a something that had residence in his plate?

*Ceb.* No man would assert this.

*Soc.* Whence then is it? for surely it is not seen when the eyes are turned away from the plate?

*Ceb.* Truly, Socrates, it is a reflection caught from a something external to it.

*Soc.* The image is not, then, a production of the plate?

*Ceb.* This might not be the case, seeing that with like facility it would have shown a horse or a house.

*Soc.* Neither any more are pictures the productions

of the painters, verses the compositions of the poets, or beautiful designs the creations of the architects.

*Ceb.* You would say, then, that men are born to different offices? speaking of men as one speaks of machines.

*Soc.* Men say this for themselves, Cebes. A man may polish and keep bright, but he does not arrange his brain; therefore, may he not of possibility show that which it is not in the power of his surface to reflect. A man may do nothing different from that which he finds within him the ability to do. Carbon arranged as a surface of charcoal cannot flash back a sun-ray as when it finds its composition after the order of a diamond.

*Ceb.* Does not this conflict, Socrates, with that famous parable of the talents which these moderns so continuously use as a lesson?

*Soc.* On the contrary, it is one truth endorsing another truth. To whom much is given, from him much is expected; and to whom little is given, from him little is required. Is it not thus that men themselves consider machines, Cebes? Bright or dull, a surface is not to be allowed to decrease in its reflecting power, for according to the polish, so is the reflection. A dull face may be made brighter, and a bright face may be made brighter still.

*Ceb.* But how may a man polish and keep bright such a thing as an internal surface?

*Soc.* He is to do it as he does with the instrument which is kept from going to rust through much handling. Heed, Cebes ; when a man suffers this surface to become dull, not only does he cease to give forth anything, but he becomes himself incapable of receiving anything. Many men are little different from mollusk or sponge.

*Ceb.* You esteem, Socrates, that you have given us good and all-sufficient reasons for the faith in which you yourself seem so firmly rooted concerning this mechanical explanation of mind, and its entire separability from soul ?

*Soc.* Analyze for yourself, Cebes, and if the subject appeal to you in any different manner, decide against me. For myself, what I have said, I believe ; and this for the reason that, twist and turn this surface as I will, it shows me nothing different.

*Ceb.* You believe, then, necessarily, that in the destruction of the surface that reflects, that which is its function is destroyed also ?

*Soc.* Not more truly than do I believe in the nothingness of a shadow, when the dial is not in place to make one. But heed, Cebes, the reflecting surface, as it is seen, is used by the soul, just as eyes and ears are employed by it as instruments. When the God speaks through men, he must use the language which men understand. And why shall He not make such markings

on the dial as suits His purpose, and thus show forth Himself in the heart, as it were? What shall the soul which resides in a man use as its instruments of action, if not these very senses which we perceive as the caterers to bodily offices? Heed, again, Cebes; what was that breathed by the God into the nostrils of the clay-formed human? Shall we deny that this was the soul? Or shall we say that it was the something which must be so intimately allied with this, and which, for want of better name, we have called the Capability?

*Ceb.* But if the soul use as instruments the senses of the organism, how may it be otherwise, Socrates, than that thus the God is recognizable by these senses?

*Soc.* Whist, Cebes; the horse no doubt speculates over the master that drives him, but think you that a horse can measure a man? Yet what of all this? Is it not enough to have discovered that we possess Capability, and that this has for a man all the meaning of a soul? Is this very different from discovering and understanding that all men have souls? See, my friend, it is for a man to cultivate his Capability, or to deny it, as he wills: the God knocks continuously at the door of the heart, seeking to come, even Himself, to wider expression; seeking to get more of Himself into the world; urging his right to the temples He has built. If a man will not open the door, then he remains, of necessity, dual in his nature, and the fulness of his

meaning continues in that which constitutes duality. And see, Cebes, what an expression is this of free-agency? And what an explanation of that consoling passage, "that the kingdom of heaven is within a man." Surely, where the God is, there is heaven. A man needs but to open his own gates that he find himself at once in paradise. One needs not to wonder and speculate as regards the location of the city that is called golden ; the brightest spot in the kingdom of the blessed has been found amid the filth of a noisome prison cell. The man who understands not that the kingdom of the God is everywhere, may take to himself the conviction that he has not within him the sense of Godliness. A man gets farther and farther into the kingdom of heaven, as the God gets farther and farther into the man.

*Ceb.* Heed, Socrates. What, by such showing, become of the transgressions of men? Is there no punishment for sin?

*Soc.* You ask a question, Cebes, that belongs alone to the very ignorant. If you would find out for yourself, try transgression, and if you get not punishment enough, come back with other question.

*Ceb.* Pardon, Socrates, but a multitude of men sin, and then glory and pride and pleasure themselves in the offences, seeming to find little punishment that worries them.

*Soc.* Foolish Cebes, not yet to have grasped the meaning of suffering by negation. Such men, my friend, are the most unenviable and myopic of mortals—they hug to their breasts bundles of thorns in an entire obliviousness to the existence of bouquets of fragrant roses ; such are as swine, whose dish is a trough, and whose nourishment deadens while it fattens. Oh, Cebes ! that you, of all the children of men, should ask such questions ; and this, while every grave, and every house, and every street, swarm with their multitude of answers—hell in so many places, and only heaven in so few—the Kingdom that is everywhere negated by the Tartarus that is nowhere but in a man's own heart—not even enough consciousness left to evoke a cry for the chances of the Acherusian lake. Whist, Cebes ; some men love, and some men think they love—what is the difference ?

*Ceb.* I am well corrected, Socrates. But are you to be understood as maintaining that the Deus Mundi is nothing different from that Godliness which resides with a God-man ?

*Soc.* Things dissimilar in appearance and in apparent nature may be of like constitution. Ice is water, Cebes, but water is not ice. Aquosity is hydrogen and oxygen, but these gases are not aquosity. Soul is force, but Force is not soul.

*Ceb.* But, it is natural to query : If all soul be a com-

mon soul, how may distinction exist between the whole and a part? Where is God? the individual God? and where is man — the man that apprehension teaches as being possessed of individual immortality?

*Soc.* One, being seated by the side of the great Nile, did scoop up in his palm that which contained in each drop all that makes the water — yet did THE RIVER run on as calmly, and grandly, and as individually as ever.

*Ceb.* And the palmful evaporated, and found its way back into the stream?

*Soc.* Yes, Cebes, found its way back into that it was, and no man might distinguish that portion which answered the purpose of an illustration.

“ — As one body seems the aggregate  
Of atoms numberless, each organized,  
So, by a strange and dim similitude,  
Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds  
In one containing Spirit live, who fills  
With absolute ubiquity of thought  
All his involved monads, that yet seem  
Each to pursue its own self-centring end.”

From the scientific standpoint, no particle of confusion would seem to exist in viewing as in inseparable conjunction the ALL SOUL and the individual souls of men : for, as to unthinking people, fathers and sons appear like distinct individualities, yet does the physicist

know that such separation is but conventional : for how might it be but that all men are in that from whence man had origin — that “I and my Father are one”?

*Ceb.* But a son, it may be said, returns not into his father.

*Soc.* A narrow and most gratuitous assertion. Is not the father in his time a son? and does he not in turn go the way whence he came ; and goes not each son in a self-same way, forever — coming from, going back, into that which is the origin?

*Ceb.* But the attributes of God, it is to be suggested, are justice and mercy and long endurance ; and men, the best of men, are found, too often, unjust, pitiless, and impatient.

*Soc.* So, also, it is that other water which one has from the river is found putrid and filthy, yet we may not deny its origin, nor that whereof it is. So, also, the brine which comes in from the sea is found saltless in the streams of distant meadow lands ; and yet these are not two waters.

*Ceb.* But man is insignificant, and God is Allmighty !

*Soc.* Yes ; so also the Nile which was held in the palm, evaporated, and quickly disappeared. Yet the great current flows on forever, and deluges Egypt.

*Ceb.* But how, Socrates, is to be explained the individuality of a human soul, if it is to be esteemed as not a thing in itself?

*Soc.* Are not the individualities of children as entities, and yet is it to be denied that parent and child are one?

So, also, is it not the case that centre and circumference are one, for may it be that the former can exist without the latter? Yet is a centre a point so minute that human eye has never beheld it; while a circumference may be so expansive that it shall girdle the world.

*Ceb.* But all this is a judgment of soul formed and based on a knowledge of matter.

*Soc.* Yes, so it is premised to be. It is judgment by exclusion — it is comprehension; yet is it found to correspond, so far as it goes, with the definitions of apprehension. Matter is matter, and it is seen to be forever in a state of transmigration; being to-day of this body, to-morrow of that. Yet does the physicist find it made up of phenomenal particles, which particles are eternal and indestructible in their individuality, never being lost to themselves. Here, in even so crude a thing as matter, are we able to illustrate numberless individualities residing in an oneness.

*Ceb.* But God is all knowledge. If, then, God and the soul of man be one, man, it would certainly seem, should have the secret by which HE created the earth and the sky; and he should be able to tell unto himself the wherefore and the whereof of life and of action.

*Soc.* Excellently put, Cebes; you surpass yourself. Yet let an answer be found in the confusions of Lysander, who, on his life, can tell nothing of such simple matters as the muscles and tendons which move the limbs of the child he created. He did also construct the eye, and what eye is so tell-tale as that of the boy Zapater? Yet has no one ever judged Lysander as an optician, and, indeed, he might not tell how many humors he did put into the orb; and of that complex thing, the retina gangliformis, he knows certainly not so much as the name. Yet it is not to be denied that from his creating power did all these things come.

*Ceb.* Go on, Socrates.

*Soc.* If, now, these conclusions of comprehension are not to be overthrown by the higher wisdom of apprehension, it would seem to be with Soul as it is with Matter and Force--free is the one as are the others. Soul is that "Essential Form" as understood by Plato, to possess which is to have all good. He who gathers of it becomes, in proportion to the gathering, Godlike: he who denies and rejects the good, fails and shrinks, and withers away even as does he who refuses to take to the matter of his body air and sunshine.

It can only be that God is immortal life, and thus is it happy provision that it seems to pertain to a man's self, as to what extent immortality is to be enjoyed by him. Let man die—for so he would seem to be able to

die—if he so wills, as a brute dies ; he who so departs, carries with him nothing of the immortal ; somebody else enjoys his share. It is with soul, Cebes, as with gold ; common property is it, yet it is seen that some men so strive, and so do continuous battles for gold, that they may be esteemed as having converted themselves into statues of this metal ; others, they who battle not, go down to their graves without even so much of coin as shall suffice to pay for the nails which hold the coffin-boards together.

It is to be comprehended that it is with God — the All Soul — as it is with the sun. Day after day, through all the generations of man, has this great mystery been seen in the sky : yet what child but knows that in it is the color of the leaf; the absence of the darkness which its presence negates ; the organic life of everything that lives on earth ? yet, that of itself it grows never less. And this sun is, in seeming, something distinct, and has an apparent separation of millions of miles from that which is itself. Wonderful condition ! that man has a God and Father, yet is himself God and Father. Wonderful ! that a little flower should have its beauty by reason of sunshine that is a part of it, yet that the sun is a great planet far away in the sky.

In proportion, Cebes, as a man is Godly, so of necessity does he grow in apprehension. Mysteries

there are which it is difficult to comprehend, yet which are easy of apprehension. Is it not felt of every man who aspires to work and to live nobly, that such work and life are found to lie in, and yet to be without himself? herein being, indeed, one of the many negative proofs of an immortal individual principle. Is not the negation of the man, with his passions, his weaknesses, and his fallacies, a necessity, that one may gain lofty ends? Does not that eagle fly highest which has the cleanest wings? Runs not slowest that animal whose limbs are most mud be-draggled? To apprehend, is to know, without comprehending. Does not that ignorance — of man's knowledge — which bows before the shrine apprehend, yet what comprehends it of the Omnipotence that is worshipped. May a mouse comprehend an elephant which is only itself enlarged? Or may the gnat comprehend wherein its wings differ from those of the ostrich? That like be unto like who may dispute. Yet who shall comprehend how that breath which is the immortal life of man, enters into him, and becomes his individual immortality? And yet who may doubt that this is? Not that a Moses, or a John, has asserted it — not even because it is an expression of the vox populi, which we accept as the *leges Dei*, but because in that exhibit which knowledge calls exclusion do we find Apprehension denominated, and its existence as a Sense demonstrated.

Take lesson, Cebes, and you others who sit among the tombstones. Who will perish as cat or dog when he may live as a God? Who will crawl among mold, when the bright empyrean invites him? Who will exist alone to the performance of animal offices, when the Divine asks for and craves his help? Doubt it not, my friends, these modern physicists may not have their arguments gainsayed or their demonstrations brought to naught: a man is an automaton; mind is a function; and these, when combined, are found to be nothing better than a machine; and as a machine, the parts go to destruction and to nothingness; one piece after another piece going, until in the end no man may say that a machine ever existed.—But the office,—the office, O Cebes!—Is not greatest length of life in an office? He who would have immortality is to find it alone in the office of his capability: for of all offices, this is the single one that is immortal, and in its immortality all that is divine in a man is rendered eternal—love, virtuous actions, and all the things which are of Godly nature. It is a grand intention This which is the capability of a man; it is the grandeur of the God himself. Shall a man find himself able to bear such office and at the same time give his every action and thought to the service of Mammon? Heed, my friends, I read you a passage from a famous book of these moderns. It is a strange passage, to say the

least of it. See what you can make out of it. But no. I read it not to you : let me rather write it in great letters across the white face of a tombstone, that thus, whenever you find yourselves in this arcanum, it may stare its words into your faces, and thus compel you to consider it ; for that it is of vast import to men is not to be doubted, seeing that it belongs to that utterance which we have learned to be the speech of the God.— See ; thus it is,

*“It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.”*

PART II.

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THE

PHILOSOPHY OF THE ETERNAL NOW.

(WRITTEN FOURTEEN YEARS LATER.)



THE  
PHILOSOPHY OF THE ETERNAL NOW.

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LIKE to one who adds a codicil to his will, the author desires to be understood in what here follows as wishing any and all things heretofore written by him to be measured and used in conformity with it. In this day it would prove no light matter to contend for a system of Philosophy *sui generis*. What is given is offered regardless of origin. Perhaps it is most justly viewed in considering it as the catalysis of an Individuality acting on conclusions reaching from the Apollonian Diogenes and the Ionian Anaxagoras down through Plato, the Neo-Platonists, the Stoics of the school of Epictetus, the Scholastics of the Middle Ages, and the extreme moderns as illustrated in Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, Auguste Comte, Schopenhauer, and, not least, that Henry Thoreau who somewhere picked up and preserved for us, like to gold carried in a rusty bag, a couplet which poor and rich are alike to be profited in remembering,—

“ We can make liquor to sweeten our lips  
Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips.”



“LET me be sick myself, if some time the malady of my patient be not a disease to me ; I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities : where I do him no good methinks fee is scarce honest gain, though I confess 'tis but the worthy salary of well-intended endeavor.

“I can cure the gout or stone in some, sooner than Divinity pride or avarice in others. I can cure vices by physic when they remain incurable by Divinity ; and they shall obey my pills when they contain their precepts. I boast nothing, but plainly say, that (by reason of not understanding) we all labor against our cure.”

—*RELIGIO MEDICI.*



## INTRODUCTORY.

To see around a world with which man relates is to see all that concerns him.

**CRITO.** How feel you, Apollodorus, has the world been seen around?

**APOLLODORUS.** In truth, Crito, while Socrates has always seemed to me the most satisfactory of the philosophers, yet as to this subject of who and what we are, whence we come, and whither we go, he appears lacking in a completeness which leaves his other discourses faultless as to fulness. There is a something that remains unseen and unconsidered: I am sure of it.

*Crito.* Here are lines from one of the countless books of these moderns. They seem to have new ring in them. Perhaps if analyzed they will furnish the unseen and unconsidered. The reading is as follows: "There is but one universe; visible and invisible are in it. He who travels in a dream travels as one awake, only by the former water is found to support and atmosphere to hold up. A dreamer is stopped by no turnpike gate; he needs no conveyance from continent to continent. . . . He differs from the other self, not in

being divested of body, but as Matter, of which body is composed, differs in phenomenal expression. Celestial, while one with terrestrial, is yet of relation with wider and freer action ; this, in a sense, as birds fly while worms creep. A dreamer sees everything while himself unseeable. A dreamer finds a new state while unconscious that the state is not the common lot of everything and everybody. . . . Dreamers and the dead are one.”\*

*Apol.* Dreaming souls are living souls. Soul is immortal. There is correspondence with what the master teaches.

*Crito.* There is as well lack of correspondence, Apollodorus, for men without souls, and even dogs, dream.

*Apol.* Crito, as the God lives, if it be not Matter which dreams, then is there necessarily a Something not yet discovered by Socrates.—See ! who is this graybeard that approaches ?

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\* For enlargement of this see “Nineteenth Century Sense.”



## THE ETERNAL NOW.

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. . . "To strive after and to get the secret of the Arcanum. To learn of the mystery of the philosopher's stone. To get entrance into the Spiritus Sanctus. To accomplish the circle of the Universal."

. . . "For a brute beast, the grass under its nose; nothing else. For an alchemist, gold. The elixir vitæ and liquor adolescentiæ for the Immortal. For illuminati the fruit growing in the midst of the garden."\*

SIMMIAS. As I live, Socrates, here is your old antagonist, Protagoras, come again, as we are, two thousand years after.

PROTAGORAS. Hail, worthy Socrates!

SOCRATES. Hail, indeed! Truly doth it seem that distance is one with limitation, big one with little, eternity one with time!

*Prot.* More than seems, Socrates,—is! Universal advances as runs a circle. Earth analyzes one with element. Past and future resolve into present. As philosophers we have been groping about as do eyeless

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\* See "Nineteenth Century Sense."

caterpillars, measuring ever beyond for what is directly around. What a circle is, that the lengthened, the shortened, the broadened, and the narrowed is. All is Now. Now is all. In understanding of Now is knowledge of Self and of relation of Self to the Universal. Universal is an Eternal Now.

*Soc.* Pray what god has altered your speech, Protagoras, that you bring a new revelation? perhaps, however, you put a riddle for our dulness to guess at.

*Prot.* A riddle, worthy master, solved in your greeting; "distance one with limitation, big one with little, eternity one with time;" there is, however, if so it please you to call the word, riddle within riddle, namely, seeing without eyes, hearing without ears, running about without legs, and being immortal without soul!

*Cebes.* By the gods, Protagoras, you bring riddle and revelation combined if you are to maintain and show immortality for man independent of soul!

*Soc.* Whist, Cebes, let it go!

*Sim.* The master, Protagoras, has been conversing on a somewhat like theme, and no doubt, if pressed, will pleasure us by renewing the talk, particularly as it seems you have something new to tell, or, if not this, some new manner of putting old matter; the argument was founded, indeed, largely on that long-ago-uttered saying of yours, that "things are what they seem to be,"—Socrates denying this and showing ir-

refutably, as it appears to all of us, that it is just the other way, nothing being what it seems to be.

*Prot.* We will have no dispute here, worthy Simmias. I was wrong, Socrates is right. Yet it is not untrue that things are what they seem to be after a certain manner, as is proved in sitting upon a chair which certainly supports the sitter, or in lying upon a bed which holds one up.

*Ceb.* Socrates puts it after this manner, Protagoras. "A thing is," he says, "to the uses of the Senses what to the Senses it seems to be; it is never anything else."

*Prot.* Did he say that, Cebes? then has he never said, nor will he ever say, anything better. Do you perceive that thus man and the universe are pronounced identical, which is one with saying that the world is nothing else than what the man is?

*Ceb.* It impressed us most forcibly, Protagoras, although we did not make out of it all that you seem to.

*Prot.* That is because your ears are not yet trained to distinguish basal from minor truths. Pray, what other wonderful things has Socrates been saying?

*Ceb.* Shall I speak, Socrates, or will you?

*Soc.* Protagoras no doubt prefers hearing you, seeing to whom he addresses himself.

*Prot.* No offence, worthy master, I will hear the

disciple first, thus securing what he has learned, reserving the teacher for higher purposes.

*Ceb.* Our standing-place to-day, Protagoras, is, that the human soul is identical with what these moderns know as God ; this in the sense that a wave is one with the sea out of which it arises and into which it returns ; that a human soul is immortal by reason of being one with God, just as the wave is water by reason of being water, no matter whether merged in the common mass or showing as a circling crest. Socrates holds that presence of soul is not necessary to human existence, and that a man can live and die without a soul. He holds, too, that absence of soul is lack as to possession of the immortal requisite.

*Prot.* Socrates, and the rest of you, have ceased, then, to be Socrates and the others, and have become God ?

*Ceb.* Why, really, Protagoras, it would seem to be as you suggest, otherwise immortality has not come to us, even though two thousand years have passed since the master and you met at the house of Callias in Athens.

*Prot.* There seems to me something more, Cebes. Socrates being, according to the showing you attribute to him, no longer Socrates, but God,—that is, if two thousand years be more than a generation,—it follows necessarily that God once was Socrates ; putting it, as

happily you did, that the sea is a wave and a wave is the sea. You say, however, that Socrates holds the soul as not necessary to human existence; is this different from holding that a wave is one with the sea, yet that the sea is not one with the wave?

*Ceb.* I think, Protagoras, had you heard the beautiful exposition of the subject by the master, you would have agreed as to the conclusions. Socrates holds that animals are automata, being, as he affirms, made of Matter, consequently that the meaning of them is strictly one with that of machines, which, being constructed, serve a temporary purpose, and then go their way into a common nature. All men, he says, who are not God-men are of likeness with brutes; consequently, as the brutes are not immortal, the men cannot be.

*Prot.* I think I understand. Man, you would say, is one with the brute unless not one with the brute, difference existing in possession of soul by some men and absence of this quality as to the others. Putting this in other words, the immortals are dual men and the mortals are of simple single signification; that is, being things of Matter as are brutes and trees and things at large.

*Ceb.* It is thus I understand the master, although he uses the term dual for ordinary animals; the other thing beside Matter being Force.

*Prot.* Meaning by Force what, Cebes?

*Ceb.* Why, it plainly shows, Protagoras, that a moved thing implies a mover; and it is this latter that Socrates names Force. He calls Force an entity in the sense in which Matter is named an entity; just as you and I would speak of a wheelbarrow, and of a man that wheels it, as being separate and distinct things.

*Prot.* But it is certainly seen by Socrates that there is variety as to Moving things; for example, water turning a wheel, wind lifting and strewing dried and fallen leaves, a stream running from higher into lower lands, branches pushed out by the trunks of trees, buds enlarging into fruit, and so on, numberless things. These moderns, among whom you and I now find ourselves, speak of force under a great variety of names,—mechanical, chemical, electrical, magnetic, biological; in short, so many different kinds are named by them as quite to confound one.\*

*Sim.* I entreat the master to speak.

*Soc.* You entreat not well, Simmias. A discourse is not wisely interrupted so long as they who listen have promise of learning from it. Protagoras is to be reminded, however, that these same moderns have quite run away from the four elements as originally propounded by the Ionians, namely, earth, air, fire,

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\* See "Thinkers and Thinking."

and water, and now speak of them as some seventy in number. Ionians and moderns are to be declared alike wrong in that they mistake appearances, or, better called, phenomena, for a Thing itself. There are neither seventy elements nor four, but one.

*Prot.* You speak dogmatically, yet I agree advisedly, Socrates.

*Soc.* It is to be accepted, Protagoras, that the finding of definition lies with taking things apart, for the reason that taking things apart is one with learning of what they are made up. We find, for instance, that the chemistry of to-day differentiates seventy elements, while only a decade of years ago it enumerated but sixty, and still farther back so few as four; now after such manner of enumeration are we to decide otherwise than that chemistry knows nothing as to the number of the elements?

*Prot.* I accept as you say, Socrates.

*Soc.* An element being an indivisible and the indivisibles of the chemist being found never anything but Matter, does it not necessarily follow that the ultimate is alone the elementary, and that all things arising out of or existing in this elementary are appearances, or phenomena? Hence the elementals are not several, but one, namely, Matter. In like manner we are not to speak of forces, but rather of Force. There is, we are to say, Force. This we say by reason of finding

movement where motion could not exist without a mover. Anything may be doubted sooner than doubt movement in things. Variety as to expressions of Force is phenomenal, just as we have seen that elements are resolvable into Element.

*Prot.* Is Matter an Entity, that is, a Thing in itself, being no other thing?

*Soc.* There are two things, as it seems to me, Protagoras, which are themselves and no other things, God and Matter.

*Prot.* Being Entities, or Things which are themselves and no other things, which is first, Socrates? for I presume you to acknowledge that Entities had beginning?

*Soc.* In truth, Protagoras, I know nothing either as to beginning or ending, nor do I assume to know what Matter is save as use shows to user.

*Prot.* I have seen a dead dog turned over in the sunshine, Socrates, by reason of gases evolved inside his unbroken skin. Was the carcass moved by Force?

*Soc.* A moved thing is moved never save by a mover.

*Prot.* Gas existing by reason of putrefactive change is, then, a form of Force?

*Soc.* Undoubtedly.

*Prot.* We have understood you as maintaining mover to be one thing and the moved another thing:

is there not conflict here, Socrates, considering what you admit gas to be?

*Soc.* You seem justly to show conflict, Protagoras.

*Prot.* Shall we modify, then, and say that Force is one with Matter, and thus not class it as one with God? for if there be but two things we must necessarily call it one or the other.

*Soc.* Anything and everything, Protagoras, that is not resolvable into phenomenon compels recognition as an Entity: so if it be that the judgment brought with you out of the centuries shall be able to show this thing we call Force as having its existence in some other thing, then it is properly placed when called phenomenon.

*Prot.* But it is your views I want, Socrates, and not my own judgment, for as I look at the subject it seems to me not otherwise than as follows. Finding, for example, water to be a mover, I find water to be a combination of the gases oxygen and hydrogen; and finding wind to be a mover, I find wind made up, alike with water, of gases. Taking in turn these gases, I find them phenomena by reason that they are resolvable into Matter, so out of the analysis I again find Matter a mover of itself. Still again. If one take up a magnet and bring it into any near relation with filings of iron, the particles will be seen suddenly agitated and moving toward the stone; here moved and mover are one as

to origin, being iron ore. Heat moves a bar of metal one way and cold moves it another way ; to distinguish heat and cold, as expressions of Matter, it is alone necessary to strike an anvil with its hammer or to rub together briskly two pieces of wood.

*Soc.* You are saying undeniable things, Protagoras.

*Prot.* How, then, Socrates, is a thing one or many ?

*Ceb.* You forget, Protagoras ; Force is pronounced by Socrates One, the Many being expressions of this One.

*Prot.* Surely yes, Cebes ; but showing itself as a form of Matter, is Matter the One that is meant, or is there some other One ?

*Soc.* Your putting of the subject is more than admirable, Protagoras, yet we are not to let you clear without learning out of your knowledge the meaning of that wonderful power which presides over the beating of the heart, the moving of the lungs, and, more marvellous than either, the hourly composition and decomposition of bodily parts. Would you call this Matter presiding over itself, or will you say that here Matter is presided over by a Something not itself ?

*Prot.* I would say neither, but rather put it as Matter influenced by circumstances of relationship, just as one would not be disputed in asserting that metal proportioned after the form and manner of a

watch will accomplish functions not possible to the same metal moulded into shape as a bell.

*Ceb.* I think I catch your meaning, Protagoras, but here is implied Intelligence, for surely metal is neither watch nor bell, save through a directing cause lying apart from itself?

*Prot.* The Intelligence, Cebes, is with him who made the first watch and bell; for, consider, watches are made everywhere, yet he who was the watch-inventor seems to have nothing to do with the making. Here Intelligence is not a thing apart from the watch-inventor, although when it is considered that this artisan was a single individual and had a fixed habitation, and that watches are countless as to number, and are met with the earth over, it may not be entirely easy to appreciate all this movement as lying with the original watch-inventor, while at the same time we are impressed that it cannot, in possibility, lie anywhere else.

*Ceb.* Certainly it lies with the watch-inventor.

*Prot.* If, then, Cebes, a simple man is found able to put into lifeless metal a law that never varies and that goes on forever no matter where and how many the watches, is there any difficulty in knowing what force is, seeing it to be one with this found with the metal?

*Ceb.* Crystal shows not more clearly. Whatever

or whoever is the designer of the Universe of Matter, the measure and meaning of the running are with him or it, as watch-running is with the watch-inventor.

*Soc.* Protagoras, I forgive you old offences. You too have said a best thing. Force is the law, or invention, or purpose of the God impressed on Matter; you have illustrated what Anaxagoras confused.

*Ceb.* And may we not say, Socrates, that the existence of the God is proved in the existence of the watch-inventor?

*Soc.* Itself says it, Cebes. Intelligent and harmonious design exists not elsewhere than in Intelligence. Denial of God compels disproof of a watch-inventor.

*Prot.* Let us come back to the subject of Soul. As I understand your quotation of the master, Cebes, this is a quality entirely identical with the God.

*Ceb.* Exactly. It is a quality that man of his animal nature can get along without, for it is of no relation with animal parts. The master holds immortality to be appreciable by man in exact proportion to the God found with him; using somewhat of your own illustration, he likens the God in relation with a man to Time-of-day in relation with a watch.

*Prot.* He must hold, then, necessarily, that a man who has lived many years possessed of soul might

accidentally make exit at a time when soul is not with him, for certainly it is seen of the best watches that Time-of-day is at times entirely wanting. Does Socrates maintain that a man so fixed has lost his immortality? Surely his premises lead nowhere else.

*Ceb.* The words are, “his fate is that of all other purely Matter-composed things.”

*Sim.* As the master will not speak, I am forced to say that by his showing Protagoras seems right in assuming immortality a doubtful attainment even as the God-men are concerned. More than this, it seems to me that even for a man to die possessed of the God-part is nothing different from a liberation of this part, which then gets back into its general self, just as the Matter of which his body is composed gets back into the general sum of Matter.

*Prot.* How might it be otherwise? A man, like a wave, is not a thing in himself, but exists as expression of a thing not himself; this both as to body and soul. Where would a being so composed go if not whence he came,—body back into Matter, soul back into God? Socrates must needs mend his argument. Strange, more than strange, that while so near catching he has never caught. He continues to miss what was lacking when two thousand years ago he and Plato sought after the mystery and meaning of selfhood.

*Ceb.* Give it name, Protagoras, for interest enlarges with your words. I see plainly that Soul cannot be one with Individuality, and that unless man be more than soul and body he cannot be immortal in the sense of self-consciousness.

*Prot.* Socrates is right so far as he goes. I accept with him as being irrefutable the fact of oneness as to soul and God. He might have spoken further in telling that here is to men the meaning of the kingdom of heaven, and as well have wisely added that in such knowing of like by like is stronger proof of the reality of God than is found in his "Argument of Design."

*Sim.* The confusion, Protagoras, as told by Cebes, lies not with oneness as to Soul and God, but as to continuous existence of conscious individuality. Concerning the former the master has been most explicit, and has shown that attainment or loss of heaven is nothing different from the getting or losing of money, or of other things for which a man may care, yet of which he does not take care. Socrates assuredly has pulled a veil away in showing to us that heaven and hell are made and furnished by men and not by anybody or anything else, also that it requires nothing more than a step or an act to change place as to either. This beautiful and self-proving thing he gets from the Christian's Bible. The proposition he

argues from reads, "the kingdom of heaven is within a man."\*

*Prot.* Has Socrates been able to show you this beautiful thing without bringing future into present and as well showing past as one with to-day?

*Ceb.* Protagoras, you repeat your riddle! Yet, if you do, where is the house of Callias? Since we have been conversing I am asking myself as to whether or not our talk is a dream. Certainly there was a long ago, otherwise there is a present that in some mysterious way is one with a past.

*Prot.* How if we dismiss the confusion by accepting what was before propounded, namely, that there are neither years back nor years in front? Consider, Cebes! Viewing the universe as a boundless circumference, which undoubtedly it is, how impossible is it that centre could be elsewhere than alike anywhere and everywhere, or, conversely, that it should be nowhere! Again. Defining Eternity as representing absence of beginning or ending, is this else than deciding it an eternal Now?†

*Ceb.* You mean, Protagoras, that if a thing have neither beginning nor ending it is necessarily without movement?

*Prot.* Ask yourself, Cebes, if this be not its only

\* See this book, p. 96. Also see "Nineteenth Century Sense."

† See for demonstration "Nineteenth Century Sense."

possibility. I mean exactly what I say. There has not been, nor can there be, any term, period, or existence that is without a state that has no without or that is not within a state where there is nothing but within. Consider! We have divisions or measurements which are called hours of the day, and others denominated weeks and months, and still others named years, but what are these save arbitrary distinctions, inherent in a common thing, made by men for sake of convenience? A watch the hands of which do not move is equally right with a running one three times in twenty-four hours, and this it would continue to be so long as a single man might be upon the earth to look at its face.

*Ceb.* I think I catch the idea! You mean, Protagoras, that time being Now, eternity cannot be anywhere else, for the reason that there is nowhere else?

*Prot.* Look at it after still another manner, Cebes. Eternity having as its condition neither beginning nor ending, does it not necessarily follow that anything and everything is within, or between, this no-beginning and no-ending?

*Ceb.* By the gods, Protagoras, you declare and show that we are now in eternity!

*Prot.* The thing declares and shows itself, Cebes. Assuredly we are now in eternity. Two thousand years ago we were in eternity. We shall be in eternity ever-

more, for the reason that there is nothing besides eternity.

*Ceb.* What strange, yet apparently irrefutable, thing is this you are propounding? Truly you do not fail to recognize in the showing of the argument life and living going on forever as these now are; that is, man changing into nothing else?

*Prot.* Whist, Cebes! he may have wings and fly, or he may be without legs and run. Does not a man retrograde or advance?

*Ceb.* I mean that he does not, in any individual sense, turn into something else.

*Prot.* Into an Angel, would you say, Cebes? Why, Socrates, according to the telling, has shown how he may metamorphose into the God. For myself, I have seen beneficent seraphs and malignant devils sitting, in the shape of men, on the common seats of a circus.

*Ceb.* Into God or into Matter, Protagoras; being himself nothing save for a little while.

*Prot.* Never mind the two thousand years, Cebes, but consider two minutes. How is it that a man is never exactly the same any two minutes, yet that he always knows himself as nobody else?

*Ceb.* We may ask Socrates the question.

*Prot.* Let the master alone, and see if yourself cannot answer it. Let us say that once Cebes was a bullock and that some other once he was a waving

wheat-head, yet that never has he been either bullock or wheat-head or anything else but Cebes. Heed ! the bullocks and the wheat-heads are Matter, so likewise the body of Cebes is Matter. There is but one Matter. Sleeves are one with arms ; trousers one with legs. Eaten meat and bread at a breakfast-table are in turn Eater at a supper-table. Do you catch my meaning ?

*Ceb.* I think so. You speak, as does Socrates, of the body of man which is not the man ? But how, Protagoras, do sleeves become arms, or things that are eaten turn into things that eat ?

*Prot.* Surely the master who has told you out of his inspiration of the oneness of human souls with God has not left unexplained so simple a thing as this ! Heed, Cebes. Arms are one with the dust of the earth and sleeves are one with the dust of the earth, likewise the same as to animals that are eaten and animals which eat. Consider the law of correlation, meaning by this the law of reciprocal relation. We speak of a pile of brick or of a brick house, difference lying with the relation of the bricks. We say a cotton-boll or a cotton sleeve, the things being absolutely one save as to expression. We say the fat of men and the oil of cotton-plants, the things being not two by reason of convertibility into each other. Further, Cebes, consider. If a cotton-plant have in itself sleeves and oil, and if in place of sleeves we take oil, which latter

is found quickly convertible into human flesh, needing to such end only to be swallowed into the stomach, is it not seen that difference lies solely with election ; that is, whether we will have the plant outside the skin or inside it ? Again. Oil being turned into flesh, which flesh is the thing that hungers, is not the oil found turned Eater ? Still again. Is not a cotton-plant seen to come out of the dust and to go back into it ? Consider closely, Cebes. Everything that has corporeal substance is, as Empedocles puts it, "a mingling and then a separation of the mingled." Matter belongs to no form or person. The rush of tides is not more impetuous toward change of place than is oil or flesh as these seek constantly varying affinities. No man's body is his own in any more permanent sense than sleeves are his own. Sleeves and body are continually changing ownership, the latter, as to its entirety, never being worn twice by the same owner. Environment, not body, is the word. Ourselves are enveloped by *what* is called ourselves, yet this What is as much all other selves as us, save as it temporarily resides with us. To perspire, to have one's hair cut off, to lose blood, to wash epiderm from hands or face, are only appreciable examples of similar inappreciable acts going on continuously, which acts give back to nature her loans, others being taken in their place ; this back and forth forever.

*Ceb.* Surely not forever, Protagoras. Men die!

*Prot.* Whist, Cebes! You already forget that men are now in the forever. What you mean is, not that men die, but that Environment changes form or appearance.

*Ceb.* You must explain what I mean, Protagoras, for, Jupiter being my witness, the thing is getting too deep for me.

*Prot.* The meaning, Cebes, lies with equal immortality of Man's body and Soul. Consider! If body and soul are in the Now, then they are in the eternity; the Now being one with the eternity.

*Ceb.* But, Protagoras, you have just argued that Matter belongs to no individual man, and you have accepted, with Socrates, that Soul is identical with the God: how, then, in possibility, is a man a man in himself, or how does he go on forever?

*Prot.* Heed, Cebes! We have as yet uttered no word of the man, nor has Socrates found him out, save indirectly. Certainly we are agreed that a man is not the clothes that are worn, nor is it to be disputed that clothes and body are one, therefore is he not the body that is worn. Consider what follows: Suits of clothes are changed, so that a man casting winter garments of black and putting on summer dressing of white becomes, as to color, opposite as are the Antipodes. Consider further, clothes of to-day are written

over as paper on the morrow ; bodies of one decade are the flowers and the grass of another decade.

*Ceb.* Do we not put men that are called dead into coffins and bury them in the earth ?

*Prot.* But do you not know, Cebes, that as a serpent sloughs its skin yearly, so man casts his body every seven years ? Funerals are no more present with the still than with the moving. Consider the emaciated. Do not men often enough part with half their bodies long before yielding the other half to an undertaker ? Is it not the case that a man changes his brain many times in a single year ? Are not nails and hair in process of continuous coming and going ? Daily, Cebes, are the buryings that are made by the hair-cutters and the nail-parers, yet, as to these, the buried remain unburied. An undertaker, dear Cebes, buries no differently from disease which emaciates or from a hair-cutter and a nail-parer. What is buried in any manner is only what is not longer needed.

*Ceb.* Not needed by what, Protagoras ? Pray speak your reserve. What remains to need when body is back into Matter, and soul, if there happen to have been this association, is back into God ? for I understand both you and Socrates to hold, without any kind of reservation, that a man's body is one with Matter at large and his soul one with God ?

*Prot.* The understanding is right, Cebes. The

grass at our feet and the roofs we rest under are no more themselves than us, nor are we in turn any more ourselves than them ; this as to body. As to our souls, the God is with us or not with us ; to be godless is to be soulless.

*Ceb.* This I fully comprehend and acknowledge, but, with Simmias, in neither body nor soul do I find by the showing anything but the reverse of persistent conscious individual existence ; putting it, as has Empedocles, “a mingling and then a separation of the mingled.”

*Prot.* Empedocles adds, “which are called a birth and a death by ignorant mortals.” What is that, Cebes, which the logicians call finding a thing by the process of induction ?

*Ceb.* This is well understood in inference of cause as pointed to by effect. If a man sees a running stream he recognizes a source that he does not see.

*Prot.* Then we are to esteem Cebes no logician, seeing his blindness as to a recognition through induction ! But come, let us try for the source of the running stream after other manner, for a thing not seen plainly is best not seen at all ; at least a thing like this we consider.

*Ceb.* You mean, Protagoras, by the source of the stream, a something besides what Socrates gives as explanatory of man’s immortality ?

*Prot.* Of the immortality of all men, godly and godless, of babies and cats as well. What say you, Cebes, have babies and cats souls?

*Ceb.* I require, Protagoras, out of my dulness to go back to the argument. Socrates defines soul as God manifesting in flesh. He demonstrates the possession as in no sense necessary to an organism, but as an attribute solely and wholly of election. Now, an election cannot be made save where ability exists to elect. Such ability to elect cannot reside with babe or cat. I decide in the negative: babies and cats are without souls.

*Prot.* You decide rightly, Cebes, babies and cats have no souls; this exactly in the way that babies and eyeless kittens are without mind.

*Ceb.* Surely, Protagoras, we are not to say of a baby that it has no mind, seeing it to be born with a brain?

*Prot.* What as to one born to the ownership of a piano? Is such a one a musician? . . . You answer not. Is the possessor of a flute necessarily a flute-player? or are we to affirm of one who has the necessary instruments that he is a surveyor?

*Ceb.* You imply, Protagoras, that as music is not to be received as identical with the means of making music, nor surveying with instruments of survey, mind is not to be accepted as identical with brain?

*Prot.* Yet we are compelled to accept it as being

identical with something ; if with nothing else, then with itself. A question, Cebes : What is mind ?\*

*Ceb.* It would seem, really, to be a something not unlike what comes out of a flute, or out of surveying instruments.

*Prot.* Are we to call it, then, result of instrumentation ?

*Ceb.* As a flute is found to give forth indifferently all kinds of notes, according as its stops are handled, and as a brain gives out things equally indifferently on this same principle, it would seem that mind, like music, is simply and wholly a condition of instrumentation.

*Prot.* Instrumentation, as is seen, recognizes three factors : first, one to instrumentate ; second, an organ, or instrument on which to instrumentate ; and, third, something to be instrumentated. One who instrumentates must know the something to be instrumentated. Absence of knowledge of the something is necessarily absence of ability to instrumentate it. Music being understood to be one neither with a flute nor a flute-player, it is evidently a something apart from both.

*Ceb.* The inference seems irrefutable.

*Prot.* A flute-player must learn music before there is any play in him ?

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\* See "Mind," p. 129, "Nineteenth Century Sense."

*Ceb.* Undoubtedly.

*Prot.* He must learn it for the reason that music is not a thing which is the flute-player himself, but some other thing?

*Ceb.* It shows itself to be so.

*Prot.* What is it we are calling the thing on which a flute-player plays?

*Ceb.* A flute.

*Prot.* It is, then, a flute by which is expressed a something that is not a flute?

*Ceb.* This is evident enough.

*Prot.* When a man talks of telephones and telegraphs does he talk of things which are himself, or are these some other things?

*Ceb.* Knowing that you do not mean them as unlike his body in that they are Matter, but that reference is to them as expressions, I am to call them some other things.

*Prot.* But what is the talking about them to be called? To me it seems nothing different from flute-playing.

*Ceb.* It seems the same, indeed.

*Prot.* It is the same, only that here instrument is not a flute, but a brain, and what is instrumentated is not music, but ideas. Consider further an analogy. There is no music given out by a flute save that he who holds the instrument has music he may play;

likewise ideas are to be played only when ideas are possessed. Now it is the case that ideas are one with experiences, so that one lacking as to experiences lacks as to ideas. What here are we to say of a baby utterly wanting as to experiences?

*Ceb.* Mind being one with instrumentation, and instrumentation, in turn, one with the possession of something to play, it follows plainly that a baby has no mind.

*Prot.* But a baby has capability, Cebes, which is one with instrument, this capability lying with the instrument of mind, namely, the brain. Without brain there could be no giving forth of experiences, as without the flute there could be no rendering of flute-music.

*Ceb.* Do you not commit yourself, Protagoras? Music, as we have just agreed, neither originates nor resides with a flute.

*Prot.* Wonderful, wonderful, Cebes. You approach your revelation. See you nothing else?

*Ceb.* Nothing, Protagoras, save that the argument seems about to crumble.

*Prot.* Surely, Cebes, you must see. You are so close you must see!

*Ceb.* I see nothing but an overwhelming fallacy, namely, that the human brain, accepted by everybody, and from all time, to be the holder and container of things, is nothing of the kind, but is simply an in-

strument dead and tuneless of itself as is a player's flute or a surveyor's theodolite. I am done, Protagoras; the brain being not different from a flute, the question of individuality determines itself once and forever. The argument of the master leads aright, Matter back into Matter, Soul back into God.

*Prot.* But see you nothing, Cebes, in understanding the oneness of Now with eternity?

*Ceb.* Nothing, Protagoras, absolutely nothing; that is, as any conscious immortality for babes or godless men is concerned, nor even for their contraries, any more than for cats.

*Prot.* Do you think, Cebes, that you catch, in this illustration through mind, what is meant by a baby having no soul?

*Ceb.* One could hardly be dull enough for such a miss, Protagoras. You mean, repeating what I said, that as brain is for an office which is not with it until experiences are garnered, so, after like manner, the human possesses no God, or Soul, until it come to ability to elect and to take on this office; that in such ability a baby is necessarily wanting. However, seeing or not seeing, the thing is one. God and Matter are immortal, not men.

*Prot.* And you see nothing yet, Cebes, notwithstanding brains play experiences and afterwards go into graves and rot?

*Ceb.* Nothing at all, Protagoras. Rotting brains only make the matter worse. A storehouse gone to pieces, its contents are soon scattered.

*Prot.* Nor is anything seen by you notwithstanding the recognized separability of flutes and players?

*Ceb.* I answer you no doubt stupidly, Protagoras, considering it implied that our conversation is being held in eternity and that selves who are talking know themselves. Yet a question remains. What is it that knows self, seeing that what talks is God on one side and Matter on the other?

# I.

"I is identical with Consciousness; that is, with That which knows itself; it is identical with nothing else. 'I am an I' was the impulsive and enthused exclamation of Jean Paul Richter, as, on an occasion, standing in the door-way of the paternal house, the internal vision rushed upon him, as he describes it, 'like a flash remaining ever after luminously persistent.' 'For the first time,' he says, 'I had seen itself, and forever.'

"I is not the Creative power, else would consciousness of fulness or completeness reside with it. Ego recognizes itself as no designer of environments incomprehensible to itself. Ego perceives that it can say nothing of things as to what their reality may be, for the reason that it knows nothing of things apart from the manner in which things present themselves to Consciousness. All that it can say, or possibly know, is that a Thing is to Its use what to the sense that uses It It seems to be." \*

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\* See "Nineteenth Century Sense."

## I.

"MAN says, 'I see,' 'I feel,' 'I taste,' 'I smell,' 'I hear.' The man expresses himself correctly. Certainly it is not a simple lens called the eye that sees. A man never thinks that it is his spectacles that look. What sees is the Self, the I. Optical apparatus, whether the ordinary organ of sight, a set of prepared glasses, or what else in the line of vision, are media of communication; nothing different, nothing else. The means of smell, but not smell itself, lie with a collection of delicate strings. Hearing is by means of a semi-pulpy cord. Touch is accomplished through the instrumentality of white, hard strings several feet, many of them, in length. When, on the contrary, a man says, 'I am heated,' 'I am cold,' 'I am hungry,' 'I am famished,' he speaks incorrectly, as here are indicated conditions of the environment and not any state or need of the Ego."\*

PROTAGORAS. Was it you, Simmias, that spake?

CEBES. It was I, Protagoras.

*Prot.* Meaning by I what, Cebes, Soul or body?

*Ceb.* By the gods, Protagoras, your question is the revelation. Should I reply Soul, there would be implied the God had answered. Should I, on the other hand, say body, Matter must have spoken.

*Prot.* Why not, one or the other, soul or body?

*Ceb.* Considering that godless alike with godly are possessed of speech, the first premise carries its own

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\* See "Nineteenth Century Sense."

refutation, and, recognizing the universality of Matter, it would have been as much a tree or an ox or a running stream that spake as Cebes. Strange that such perception comes to me for the first time.

*Prot.* If you have not caught the revelation, Cebes, you are preparing for it. Let us talk on. Heed ! If there were no darkness there would be no reason for the candle ; just as if there were no ignorance there would be no occasion for enlightenment. What has gone before is to be found not irrelevant to what comes after. Things are not to be taken for granted, but are to be inquired into ; neither in our inquiries are we to overlook paradoxes and paradigms which seem to abound everywhere.

*Ceb.* Hist, Protagoras ! What do you call a paradigm ?

*Prot.* You ask not out of place, Cebes. It was one of most extraordinary repute who maintained that Common sense is little better than no sense ; a declaration, as you see, agreeing with our conclusion that "things are not what they seem to be." A paradigm is the inside of a thing turned outside ; in other words, it is understanding a thing in the light of Educated rather than of Common sense.

*Ceb.* Is it Educated sense, Protagoras, on which a man is to depend for complete enlightenment ?

*Prot.* No more than a man is to expect to see around

a globe having one of his eyes at the zenith and the other at the nadir. To see around a circle demands eyes looking from four places, namely, top, bottom, and the two horizons, and these eyes, as comprehension of the universal is concerned, are found to lie with four manners of learning, these being Common Sense, Educated Sense, Egoistic Sense, and Soul Sense.

*Ceb.* Meaning by these what, Protagoras?

*Prot.* As to the last-named, Cebes, it is not here worth while further to consider it, seeing it to be one with the fountain of knowledge, namely, God, as found resident with man; nobody knows of the God, save indirectly, but as the God is of his composition. The second, Egoistic sense, is exemplified in the Sensitives; meaning, by these, poets, musicians, architects, and all others who see and hear what is neither seen nor heard by the masses. The third is understanding as lying with analysis and synthesis; this relates with scholarship and schools. The fourth applies to employment of things as things show to the senses that use them; Common sense is entirely brute sense. Heed the four, Cebes, for as a man lacks of either so is his view restricted and his understanding imperfect.

*Ceb.* What you name Egoistic sense, Protagoras, is called by Socrates genius. He says all men are as looking-glasses, which reflect what falls against them,

but that the masses smear, while, on the contrary, the Sensitives define. Is this not what you mean?

*Prot.* It is well put. Ill-silvered glasses show things in smeared form; on the contrary, a perfect glass shows things as they are. Heed, however, a paradigm, Cebes, the object of the telling being to show the nothingness of a Common sense judgment. Hippocrates the Younger, who, as you know, is versed in the art of medicine, was resting upon the steps of the temple of Mercury when Philippides came up and propounded the following. "A man told me," he said, "that sitting upon a half-rotted log in his pasture-field just at the full of the moon he was startled in beholding a form rise with solemn slowness from the earth immediately at his feet. 'Overcome, not with fear, but with astonishment,' he continued, 'I sat watching the materialization, for such undoubtedly it was, oblivious of time, not knowing whether it was minutes or hours I looked, until at length the ghost, or whatever it is to be named, attained to full stature. Feeling that here was deception of the sense of sight, I reached forth with intent of disproving or proving through touch. It was indeed body and not phantom. No flesh that I had ever handled was more real. The Being, balanced on one leg, as seen so frequently with birds, changed not in presence of my riveted gaze, but stood immovable and unblinking. The morning calling me to town,

I got up and moved away, not, however, unaccompanied by the Materialization, which followed closely, even pressing against my person. Arrived home the Presence was still at my back, and it continued to attend me several days, never leaving me in my comings and goings for a single moment. At length it disappeared, the manner of its going being not less wonderful than that of its appearing.'"

Philippides, telling me the story, said that Hippocrates volunteered without hesitation to use the privilege of his caste to have the teller chained as a lunatic.

"But I answered," said Philippides, "assuring him that the man was commonly esteemed one of the worthiest and not least cultivated of the citizens."

"Cultivated or not cultivated," replied Hippocrates, "he is crazy."

"He is a professor," returned Philippides.

Then quoth Hippocrates, "The college must be a mad-house."

"The man is myself," said Philippides.

"Ah," replied Hippocrates, "a sophism, revamped from Protagoras!"

"Truly nothing of the kind," answered Philippides.  
"The occurrence is true even as to the days which the Being went with me about the streets."

Philippides left his paradigm with Hippocrates, thinking that, as a physician, he would soon unriddle

it. What say you, Cebes and Simmias? No doubt you have solved the story even before the telling of it is closed?

SIMMIAS. By the gods, Protagoras, I must think with Hippocrates, that your old student had taken leave of his wits!

*Prot.* But you, Cebes, surely you will not so fault the deep-seeing Philippides? Better still, no doubt you perceive that paradigm is here no paradigm at all, but the recital simply of an every-day event?

*Ceb.* In truth, Protagoras, I incline to think that the afternoon had been spent with Alcibiades at the table, and that a slave had carried Philippides to his pasture-lot with view to retiracy and air.

*Prot.* I must, then, of myself turn the inside of the subject outside. What Philippides saw was a rapid-growing mushroom. Watching the plant the few short hours necessary to development, he at length broke its single leg, put it into a back pocket of his coat, and carried it to town behind him. The vegetable being cooked he ate it, thus making it temporarily part of his body, and so accompanied by it in his comings and goings, until in the course of nature its place in his system was taken by other and fresher material.

*Sim.* It is I, Protagoras, who have not yet come to wit, and not Philippides who has lost it!

*Ceb.* For myself, Protagoras, I feel prepared by the

paradigm for the something that I am sure is back of it.

*Prot.* Mushrooms, Cebes, are not found everywhere; why?

*Ceb.* Shall I answer, Protagoras, that they are not found in the place of oak-trees, for the reason that an oak-seed and not a mushroom spawn was in the place?

*Prot.* It would not be easy to make better reply. But you do not mean to say, Cebes, that an acorn is one with an oak-tree?

*Ceb.* Surely not so, Protagoras, for the one is a small-sized kernel, the other a towering giant.

*Prot.* But the giant, Cebes! You fail not to see that it is resultant of a gradual accretion which forms about the seed? Hist! What is it but Matter responding to a call for body? It comes and at length it goes. Heed! It comes and goes to and from a something. Is not this the history? Is it not the same as to a mushroom? Is the thing different as to man? See you anything yet?

SOCRATES. I beg you, Protagoras, suffer no interruptions, but go on and speak in fulness what you have to tell. Cebes got out of eternity almost as quickly as he got into it. I will assume that it is not thus with the rest of us, at least I will answer fully for myself, for you have this hour shown a Universal for the first time beheld by me.

*Prot.* A question, Socrates! What say you, Is a man concerned to know what is beyond his capability of knowing?

*Soc.* On the contrary, so evidently not, that out of such concern, which unnecessarily he takes on himself, he does nothing but dispute without coming to conclusions. Answer me in turn, worthy Protagoras, for I perceive you to be filled with a word seeking birth. What is it that Matter comes to and goes from in the case of men?

*Prot.* The centuries, and the disputation, Socrates, that have come and gone, have given me a word that I marvel you catch not, indeed that you did not catch long ago, seeing that it confusedly mingled with your discourses on Soul in the Athenian's days. We are not to say that Matter comes to and goes from God, for the God is bodiless. Saying this, we may not say that Matter comes to and goes from Soul, for soul is identical with God. Matter, then, coming to man, comes to Something not itself and not God.

*Soc.* You propose a revelation indeed!

*Prot.* There is a third Entity, Socrates: its name is I.

*Soc.* By the gods, Protagoras, while I have known myself from curls to bald crown, myself according to such proposition is a new person to become acquainted with. In saying that I is an Entity do you mean that

a man is a thing wholly in himself separate and distinct from Matter and God?

*Prot.* Why, Socrates, if the boldness may be condoned, this seems to me wholly what was implied by you in that reply to Crito about burying you as he pleased if only he could catch you. Surely it was not the God he was to catch, while as to body the chance of its getting away was lost when you refused to award yourself to exile.

*Soc.* Protagoras, I am to confess this unthought of before after such manner. To me the God ever has been, and is, the All. The wave and the sea is an illustration that covers Simple and phenomenon alike. Surely nothing better is to be desired than to be one with God.

*Prot.* But something is to be left, Socrates, for such as cannot, or do not desire to, become one with the God; for the babies and cats and soulless men, for example.

*Soc.* Hist, Protagoras! it opens that your revelation makes everything with an I immortal!

*Prot.* In such respect it puts the caterpillar on a plane with the God-man; babies and cats and soulless men on the same plane.

*Ceb.* It is the teaching of Socrates, Protagoras, that Consciousness, which I take to be akin with I, as propounded by you, is alone some kind of phenomenon

living with the brain, and that its disappearance is synchronous with the breaking up of its dwelling-place.

*Prot.* The thing is just the other way. Socrates will not, I think, give precedence any longer to brain unless prepared to give like precedence to a flute ; even though Cebes sees nothing in the distinction.

*Soc.* In truth, Protagoras, I am open to conviction if only you can show us where your man comes from.

*Prot.* Just where God comes from, Socrates. Here is, not my revelation, but a revolution. Man is alone concerned to know, as we have agreed, what is not beyond his capability of knowing. I leave all confusion as to past and future in finding these to be one with a Now that is eternal. In this Now I first discover Myself: Myself as I and not any other I. Associated with my I, but not it, by reason of being a constant flux in relation with it, I find Matter. Outside of I and Matter I find with myself intuitive recognition of God ; associated with which, in turn, is a conviction equally intuitive that the office of a created thing is existent in the purpose of its creator, and nowhere else, and that, so far as man is concerned, this office is one with soul.\* Here is my premise. What I cannot know is of no concern to me to know. I know nothing as to origin either of God, Matter, or

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\* See "Nineteenth Century Sense."

Man. My whole concern is to deal with things simply as I find them. You are agreed, Socrates, that we know no more about origin than on the first asking of his question by Thales three thousand years ago.

*Soc.* It is not easy to disagree with you, Protagoras, in accepting Now as the only possible practical beginning of an individual man's acquaintance with himself. Certainly for a thing to act or think before knowing itself is impossible, nor is it more possible that acting or thinking can be carried where self-consciousness does not extend.

*Prot.* Then it shows to you, as to me, Socrates, that Now is the whole concern of man?

*Soc.* It is quite a new way to put it, Protagoras, but I agree with you.

*Prot.* Accept, worthy master, that in agreeing to this we are forever rid of confusions. Cebes and Simmias do not, however, as I fear, quite comprehend. Suffer me to lay together and to cement the foundation of what I will call our New Philosophy.

*Ceb.* A word, Protagoras. In his talk Socrates quoted approvingly lines spoken by Bharata to the effect that it is ignorance alone which enables Maya to impress the mind with sense of individuality. "Soul," he said, "is one, uniform, exempt from birth, omnipresent, undecaying, mode of true knowledge, disassociated with unrealities, that so soon as

ignorance is dispelled it is known that severalty exists not, and that there is nothing but one individual whole."

*Prot.* Ah ! Cebes, Cebes ! Knowing nothing of Bharata I yet know him to have been holy. Bharata had lost Ego in Soul, as, after no dissimilar manner, Epictetus had lost Matter in Ego. Loss of Self in God is one with attainment of invulnerability. Not to aim to lose Self in Soul is to deny chance of getting above animal existence. What Bharata meant by "ignorance dispelled" was, and is, that lower denies itself in higher as higher becomes known to it. Where Ego moves the other way it identifies itself sooner or later with bulls or tadpoles. Do you catch the meaning ?

*Ceb.* Not exactly.

*Prot.* Listen to a pure inspiration given in the book before quoted :\*

"After the manner of a dream was beheld an oblong square showing three separated sprays of lilies. As the Dreamer looked wonderingly at the symbol, seeing no meaning in it, explanation projected itself as a Jack might spring from its box. The word was 'Hypostases,' and the association implied that the three separate sprays, or groups, stood for the three

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\* See "Nineteenth Century Sense."

parts of which a man is constituted, namely, Matter, Ego, Soul; that it is left with men which they will most cultivate, and thus become most like unto,—that is, whether they will be Material, Selfish, or Godly.

“In his dream the Dreamer fixed his gaze earnestly—it may have been by accident, or it may have been out of intuition—on the spray representing Soul. As he continued to look, this developed little by little into a fulness of bloom which transformed the flower into a size and whiteness such as he had never before beheld. The other two sprays withered and shrunk away correspondingly. . . .

“When the morning came the Dreamer wrote down that, in a dream, he had learned the meaning of differences which characterize men, and as well that he had been given the secret of creating differences.”

*Ceb.* I comprehend fully, Protagoras, and see clearly, what Socrates has otherwise expressed, that a man's self is creator alike of Heaven and Hell.

*Prot.* A man's whole world, Cebes, is nothing different from what himself is.

# KNOWLEDGE OF SELF AND RELATION WITH THE UNIVERSAL.

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“AN individuality, called a man, finds itself standing in the midst of a great universe. Under his feet is ground. Over his head is sky. The first is covered with growing things and with creeping and walking things. The other shows ether reaching to infinity. Suns countless, and planets in number not to be reckoned, are before him. Immensity confronts and confounds him.”\*

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\* “Nineteenth Century Sense.”

KNOWLEDGE OF SELF  
AND  
RELATION WITH THE UNIVERSAL.

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PROTAGORAS. Beginning of knowledge, dear Cebes and Simmias, is, as I am sure the master will agree, with appreciation of hypostases. By hypostases is meant composition. The hypostases of a house, to make simplest example, are stone, brick, iron, steel, brass, wood, etc. The hypostases of the steam-engines of these moderns are iron, steel, brass, wood, etc. To understand a house or a machine one must have knowledge of what enters into its composition.

The hypostases of man introduce us to the Entities, of which, as understood, there are three. Now, the reason for asserting a thing to be an Entity lies with two directions of proof, the first of which is that it is a perception of pure intuition ; everybody, the untaught alike with the taught, recognizing it, consciously or unconsciously, by name or without name, as a Simple, that is, as a thing which is itself and no other thing ; the second is the impossibility of resolving an Entity through any process of human experience or learning

into anything but itself. The three Entities, or Simples, to rename them, are God, Ego, Matter. Heed, Cebes and Simmias! phenomena lead to That out of which phenomena come. All the things of the world, the mingled alike with the separated, are never anything else but one of these three.

SIMMIAS. If it be not presuming, Protagoras, it seems to me the case that the argument of the master concerning the resolving of all elements into one might here again be applied, and that it would be no unjust thing to decide that there is but one Entity, which, for lack of a better name, might be called Origin. Certainly it accords with what you name “pure intuition” to accept that there was a time when man was not, and we all seem agreed that there was a time when the earth was without form, and void, and as to who God is, and whence, nobody pretends to have an opinion. To say that your three Entities are phenomena arising out of, or existing in, the Origin of things, goes to a beyond that leaves no other possible beyond.

Prot. You say well, Simmias, forgetting, however, the master's reply to the question as to “whether or not it concerns a man to know what is beyond his capability of knowing.” Unless I misquote, the answer was as follows: “So evidently not, that out of such concern, which unnecessarily he takes on himself, he does nothing but dispute without coming to conclusions.”

*Sim.* You give, certainly, the sense of his words.

*Prot.* You have forgotten something more, Simmias, namely, "that a thing is, to the sense that uses it, what to the sense it seems to be; that it is never anything else."

*Sim.* I am to understand that the origin of things in no way concerns us, and that relation with them is simply and wholly as they are found by us?

*Prot.* Just, Simmias, as a shoemaker deals with leather which he makes into shoes. Think you that shoes would be better sewed by reason of the sewer bothering himself and losing time over a question of which was first, the goat whose skin furnishes the uppers, or the bullock whose hide supplies the soles he works at?

**CEBES.** For myself I am quite prepared to go on, as from Athens to Philadelphia examples line the road of philosophers whose systems are as wrecks by reason of assuming things as much wanting in concern to them as in possibility of exposition. I pronounce myself your disciple, Protagoras. The premise is, as I now understand it, that as man finds and knows, and as alone he can find and know, three things constitute the universal, the three things constituting as well himself, himself thus one with the universal?

**ECHECRATES.** I think, Protagoras, that in a bottle somewhere about me is an illustration of this three in

one. See ; here it is : the string it contains is a nerve. What say you, Cebes, is this cord a single strand ?

*Ceb.* Undeniably, as it appears to me.

*Ech.* Myself dissected it out of a human neck, finding three strands coming from three different nerves to form it by their union. Continuing the tracing of this common cord, I beheld it, after running singly for a short distance, divide into three strands, which striking me as having correspondence as to entrance and exit led to a more refined examination, which, as here is to be shown, discovers the three strands not to mingle, but to keep, each to itself, the line, all the time seeming, to the common eye, as of homogeneous construction.

*Prot.* The illustration is pertinent. God, Ego, and Matter mingle yet are never one. But let us on. First, however, what say you, Simmias? Is there a weak place here in our system, or does it show to you that a man's concern extends where he is without capability to extend ?

*Sim.* You mean that origin lies without the pale of his concern, and that as to where God, himself, or Matter comes from is none of his business ?

*Prot.* You have it exactly ; as though you should say of an egg that its quality and meaning are known, while to learn which was first, egg or chicken, proves an impossibility.

*Sim.* And I must certainly recognize, Protagoras,

that having the egg, and understanding the full circle of its use, one would cudgel his brain as vainly as uselessly in vexing himself with a question that is equally without better or worse to him.

*Prot.* We will, then, go forward. When we say that the hypostasis of a house or a machine lies with material as named, we appreciate that it lies with a single thing, namely, Matter. Stone, brick, wood, iron, brass, marble, glass, steel, and similar things, are, all of them, but a single thing, namely, Matter. What differs is expression. Stone, brick, steel, brass, are phenomena. What the wave spoken of is to the sea and the sea is to the wave, that a piece of brass is to Matter and Matter is to a piece of brass. Houses and machines are simple, not compound; they consist of but one of the three things making up the universal.

Man is tripartite. At least his capability is tripartite. His meaning is, first and primarily, with an Ego, or Self-consciousness, that never confounds itself with anybody or anything else. This Ego, I, Self-consciousness, is the man, and nothing else is him, save as an else or as elses are collateral; that is to say, as they relate with him, not as necessities of his existence, but as incidental or elective; muscles and bones are incidental, soul is elective. Muscles and bones may go into a coffin, Ego ever remains outside of it. Soul may never have united with a man, but his I is not less existent

and persistent by reason of the absence. The I takes on and throws off environment; itself necessarily an immortal by reason that it is a Simple.

*Ceb.* I fear, Protagoras, that I am not clear as to what is meant by a Simple.

*Prot.* A Simple, Cebes, is a thing, as I think already has been explained, that is an existence in itself and not in any other thing. The selfhood of a man is to be esteemed by him as much individual as is the selfhood of the God.

*Ceb.* But, Protagoras, there are many men: how do you reconcile this with a Simple? God is one and Matter is one. With these is no confusion. Truly, unless you assert that it is man, and not men, that is a simple, the coming out turns to a going in.

*Prot.* But you forget, Cebes; the judgment is with Self as Self knows Self. It is man, and not men. Cebes is not Simmias, nor is Simmias Cebes. It lies somewhat as follows. Ego is a circle. Into and from this circle come and go the incident, Matter, and the elective, Soul. Self is not less self by reason of lack of soul, nor is it wanting by reason of absence of tangible body.

*Ceb.* Why do you use the word tangible, Protagoras?

*Prot.* Consider a problem, Cebes! There is no such thing as a vacuum in nature, yet there is emptiness. What say you, is emptiness real or only seeming?

*Ceb.* If there be no vacuum, Protagoras, emptiness must be alone seeming.

*Prot.* This is what I mean by tangible. Matter, which is body, is one with the translucency of a jelly-fish and the transparency of flawless glass not less than with the opacity of tree-trunks and the blackness of stone-coal. Ego, when in flesh, is in an opaque body; when it would freely and unrestrainedly wander, as in dreams, or in the so-called death, its body is of that lighter aspect of Matter which occupies the vacuum.

*Ceb.* Do you really mean to suggest likeness between the death and the dream state?\*

*Prot.* I esteem proof of the oneness, as this lies with the hypostases, to be absolute. For myself, when I die, as you persist in naming a state one with dreaming, I would have put on the tombstone—

*Having fallen asleep, he has wandered off in his dream-body, leaving the one that here lies buried.*

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\* Consciousness is not one with brain, as music is not one with flute. But music is not active separated from instrument, nor is consciousness active separated from Matter. The body of the dream state is one with Astral, and Astral is one with celestial body; otherwise expressed, body, as related with Ego in its freer state, as when wandering in the dream condition, or when become celestial, is Matter approached to its real condition, which condition is unseeable by the ordinary organ of sight. To comprehend the hypostases is to know without doubt that there is terrestrial body and that there is celestial body. It is appreciated that pure Matter is unseeable.

But to go on with the hypostases. Brute beasts are dual. Lions, tigers, camels, crocodiles, bats, lizards, worms, bugs, and all similar things are dual ; that is, they have to the uses of the Ego the incident Matter ; their lack is soul. Full, keen, and decided appreciation of hypostases, of what it means, and of what it entails, is both alpha and omega of human life. Here is beginning. Here is that non-ending termed eternity. It is for a man to understand what he is, and what his purposes and meaning are, in knowing what his composition is. Houses and machines being Matter wholly, their purpose and intention relate solely with Matter. Dual things have dual purpose. Tripartite things have threefold purpose. A man, if he fulfil his meaning, plays his part in recognition of the facts that he has a Matter-composed body to look after and provide for, that he has an Individuality to educate and elevate, and that he has, as *summum bonum*, or highest meaning, the office of Soul-carrier, which, as we understand, is almoner to the God.

*Ceb.* It requires little extent of cultivated sense to recognize that duty lies with performance of function : melons are to be expected from melon-seed ; lard and meat are the circle of the office of swine. The capability of man is all-sufficient direction for work pertaining to be done by him.\*

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\* See "Nineteenth Century Sense."

*Prot.* When human capability analyzes down to the indivisible, the terminations, start as a man will, are in one of three directions, which directions are in the simples so frequently named,—*i.e.*, God, Ego, Matter.

*Sim.* Pardon the interruption, Protagoras, but it just comes to me to perceive that if Ego and not soul be the persistent individuality, then necessarily beasts alike with all men are immortal. How say you, Socrates? for this is different from what you teach.

*Socrates.* Your pupil has been asleep, Protagoras. The premises granted, Simmias, the conclusion is correct.

*Prot.* Let it go, Socrates. Simmias will no doubt feel later what is never to be seen: Universal becomes God to the exceptional few only.\*

The Entities, that is, the three things named, are intangibles. Continents and oceans, and the things of continents and oceans, are Matter, but Matter, apart from its phenomenal expressions, is not seeable, smellable, tasteable, or touchable; electricity is seeable only when it lightens. Ego is the selfhood of man; selfhood shows to the common senses through environment alone. God is “Creative Power,” and is everywhere; but here what is omnipresent and mightiest shows, directly, neither movement nor sign.

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\* See Death of Elvira in “Hours with John Darby.”

Entities are separable, and not at all one another. Matter constitutes the whole of the body of a man ; it is in no sense either Ego or Soul. Ego is itself, and not Matter nor God. Soul is God ; it is no more Ego nor Matter than Time-of-day is the mainspring or the minute-hand of a watch. Mainspring and minute-hand are necessities to the running of a watch as a watch, Time-of-day is not. Ego and Matter are necessities to the functions of man as an animal, Soul is not.

The hypostases, or make-up, of a brute being duality, which duality consists of Ego and Matter, it follows that man is brute unless possessed of the third Entity. This third Entity not being any more necessary for the running of a man than is Time-of-day for the running of a watch, it follows that man is not different from a brute simply by reason of not going on all-fours.

Knowledge of Self is recognition of the universal for the reason that there is nothing in the universal that is not in Self ; hence to know self is to know all there is to know.

*Ceb.* Do you mean by this last that in his recognition of the Entities man knows all there is to know, these constituting all there is of the universal ? or do you mean that in man's self is the universal ?

*Prot.* Here, Cebes, is another aspect of our revolution. I mean either or both. Recall you now the Realistic school of philosophers, and, in turn, the

Idealists. As you must recognize, there can be but two general schools, namely, one that holds the world to exist outside of man, the other maintaining it to be inside of him. Each school adduces arguments to its support. The Idealists show without difficulty that the world is always subjective and never objective; that it is the Ego which perceives, and takes hold of, and creates. They say, truly, that if there be such a thing as Matter nobody knows what it is. The Realists, on the contrary, maintain a real existence for things. A hammer with which a realist pounds a nail is Matter and not idea.

*Ceb.* But a phenomenon, Protagoras, implies a condition or substance back of it and out of which it arises?

*Prot.* An idealist is his own condition and substance; all that arises or sinks is nothing else than a conception or idea existing with himself: to make coarse example, he quotes you a tree as standing to sight not at all across a field where the realist affirms it to be, but at the bottom of a looker's own eye.

*Ceb.* But is he not caught just here, Protagoras, in his own trap, in admitting that it is his eye that sees?

*Prot.* He does not admit this, but uses the illustration simply as appeal to the crudeness of the realist. He denies eyes quite as fully as he does trees, placing perception, as well as creation, with the Ego.

*Ceb.* We seem here in a general sense to approach the teaching of the master where he affirms and demonstrates man to be his own heaven and hell maker.

*Prot.* Whist, Cebes! What difference is it as to where a tree is? or what difference as to what sees, is shaded or warmed? correspondence with requirement certainly exists, and this truly is the sum and substance of relation. Our new philosophy finds no hesitation in agreeing alike with idealist and realist.

*Ech.* Would it not be well for Cebes and the rest of us, Protagoras, that we fix comfortably these bodies of ours, or these no-bodies, as the case may be, while you discourse in uninterrupted fashion about the doctrines of which you hint? for of a truth it is not easy to follow, out of reason of lack as to understanding of what it is exactly that your philosophers mean.

*Prot.* The master would have been the better one to ask, Echebrates; but, that he may not be aroused from a sweet slumber into which I perceive him to have fallen, we may move a little away so as not to disturb him, and if objection be not made by the others, and they dispose to move with us rather than sleep, our talk may for a little time be directed to this about which you inquire.



## FROM COMPLEXITY TO SIMPLICITY.

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"As philosophy means knowledge, and as knowledge is the beautiful and desirable thing of the world, so the temptation is great to reach here and there, and to wander hither and thither, as one pursues the way of the mountain. But to wander is to incur danger of becoming lost, which accident has happened to a multitude of wanderers, and will surely happen to every one who carries not with him an unerring compass." \*

Philosophy has as its intention the affording of purpose to life.

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\* See "Nineteenth Century Sense."

FROM COMPLEXITY TO SIMPLICITY.

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PROTAGORAS. Philosophy, Echecrates, has as its intention the affording of purpose to life. To be possessed of purpose implies necessarily understanding of object. Understanding of object is not possibly elsewhere than with appreciation of instrument. Man is instrument. The study of man is man. Philosophy and man are identical.

We who are here from Athens, two thousand years after, have nothing to our advantage over students of the lore we bring out of these years. A thousand years are as a day, and a day is as a thousand years. To scan the earth appears at hasty view a wide matter, but when considered is seen to be a narrow matter. To see a cupful of water is to see an oceanful. A particle of ground in one continent is not of difference with all the particles in the other continents. A single tree corresponds after general manner with all trees. A blade of grass is the type of leaves at large.

Consider, with view to appreciation, another paradigm. Hippocrates, whose learning runs always away from principles, arguing for the existence of a multi-

tude of diseases as afflicting men, was combated by Philippides, who suggested there could be only one, whereupon the physician sneeringly asked the philosopher if he had been so shut up with the healthy as not to have heard of headache as well as heartache. "And pray," queried Philippides, "what is it you call headache and heartache?" In reply Hippocrates answered that "by headache is meant pain in the head, while by heartache is implied pain in the heart." "We are to say too," returned Philippides, "that pain in a lung is lungache, and pain in a liver is liverache, and pain in a foot is footache, and so on through all the parts of the body?" Hippocrates, unable to conceal his contempt, replied that recognition was of the diseases Cephalalgia and Cardialgia and Pneumonalgia and Hepatalgia and Podalgia. Whereupon again Philippides, noticing that these great words had a common ending, asked Hippocrates if the termination implied anything special; and on being informed that pain was implied, further asked if the prefixes implied anything special; and on being here replied to that they were repetition, in other language, of the words that had been used, namely, head, heart, lung, and foot, Philippides assumed that, unless pain be many and not one, the disease was *Algia* and not *Cephal* or *Cardia* or *Pneumon* or *Hepata* or *Pod*, it showing that the prefixes expressed simply and alone locality, or seat of

pain, and not any cause in which the suffering exists.\*

Hippocrates, having no ready answer, was about to turn on his heel, when Philippides begged he would define what is meant by the term Ease. "It is not," surlily replied the physician, "what is meant by pain." "It is to be esteemed, then," gently responded Philippides, "as the opposite to pain?" "You have it, no doubt, out of experience," said Hippocrates. Philippides referring to his memory recalled that the Latins, when they would reverse the meaning of a term, employed the particle "dis," whereupon he again queried the physician, asking if there is a condition the opposite to ease. "We will answer," said the surly Hippocrates, "that fools and wise men alike know this." "Surely, then, it must be the case," replied the philosopher, "that erudition has found some word to express such condition, as its contrary is named in the word Ease. What, Hippocrates," he asked, "is meant by disability as applied to one disabled, or disingenuous as used for one who is not ingenuous, or disordered to one who is not well ordered, or dislodged to one who is not lodged, or disloyal to one not loyal?" Hippocrates answered without hesitation that all these were exam-

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\* κεφαλή, the head, καρδία, the heart, πνεύμων, the lung, ἡπαρ, the liver, πούς, a foot,—ἄλγος, pain.

ples of the converse, implying that a person is not able, or ingenuous, or well ordered, or lodged, or loyal. "It seems, then, to be the case," said Philippides, "that a common word expresses all the conditions named while itself is none of them?" "You say correctly," responded Hippocrates. "Are we to say, then, of the first portion of the word disease, namely, dis," asked Philippides, "that it is other than a converse? and if not other, does it imply else than absence of ease?" "Certainly it implies alone absence of ease," replied the physician. "Concerning ease," asked Philippides, "is this other than absence of pain?" "It is assuredly absence of pain," admitted Hippocrates. "Pain, or anything of similar meaning, being absent from a person," asked Philippides, "we are to say that such a one is not sick?" "Of course such a one is not sick," said the physician. "Then ease," queried Philippides, "is the state of not being sick?" "It is the state of not being sick," reluctantly admitted Hippocrates. "How, then," asked Philippides, "are there many states of not being sick, or only one?" The physician would not answer. "A man being sick," said Philippides, "is so, as you leave us to understand, simply by reason of not being well, or, using the other word, not at ease, a state expressed by the little conversing particle dis, which, conjoined with the suffix, yields the word dis-ease. How say you, Hippocrates, is there

more than one Dis and more than one Ease?" Hippocrates, with lofty disdain, replied that disease stood for a variety of causes. "As many as you please," retorted Philippides; "but unless the plural of the profession is better defined than is its singular, the show of treatment will be apt to prove worse than the grammar."

Hippocrates, controlling an anger that showed in his eye, asked Philippides if he would dispense with the use of the term disease. "Not so," replied the philosopher. "No more expressive one could be coined; fault is alone with misuse. To analyze the word is, as it seems to me, to secure measure of its employment. All sick persons are in a common condition of not being at ease, therefore are in the state of disease. Here is a first theorem. Following this is a natural second, namely, all sick persons are sick by reason of the presence of a something expressed in the dis. Third, diagnosis is one with discovery and appreciation of the dis. Fourth, removal of Dis leaves Ease remaining. In the four is the circle of all that constitutes medicine."

ECHECRATES. Why, really, Protagoras, you lay off the subject as I should like to hear it from a professor if myself a student of medicine. It seems handleable. First, condition. Second, cause of condition. Third, removal of cause of condition. Fourth, cure existing in removal of cause of condition.

*Prot.* It is paradigmatic of a simplicity residing with things at large, Echecrates, as these become understood. Hippocrates having his subject in hand has it yet not at his finger-ends. In understanding he misunderstands. A hundred ideas are required by him to fill the place of one. Philosophy at large is capable of like concentration. In place of hundreds of systems there are in reality but two. Holding this in mind we may surely hope to master our subject.

*Ech.* And pray, Protagoras, what names do you give these two systems?

*Prot.* The one is Realism, the other Idealism. By the first is meant little different than if one should say of a tree or an idea that it is itself and nothing else, the other maintains that things are not at all in themselves but are one with him who perceives or imagines them. To an idealist a cow seen in a dream is exactly one with a cow met with in a pasture.

*Ech.* Why, Protagoras, are you not bringing us again face to face with the original arguments, namely, one side maintaining that "things are what they seem to be," the other that "things are only what they seem to be to the senses that use them"?

*Prot.* There are alone these two sides. Men see things differently by reason of difference in means used by them. There is sight through outer eyes and sight through inner eyes. There is, as already has

been defined, Common sense, and Educated sense, and Egoistic sense, and Soul sense. To be in possession of these four means of recognition enables one to see around a circle ; with which circle alone is completeness of understanding. The strongest of these means of understanding lies with Soul sense. The weakest is with Common sense.

Judgments at large are perceptions as lying with Common sense. By Common-sense judgments are meant opinions existing in the simple exercise of sight, taste, touch, smell, and hearing. This definition is to be appreciated in order that contrast be made with Educated sense ; the meaning of this latter lying with exercise of the reasoning faculty, the two characters of judgments separating themselves according to extent or lack of experiences. Educated sense, if serving no other purpose, shows the absolute unreliability of estimates put on things by Common sense. So far as the simple use of eyes and ears is concerned, cultivation, or the growing of experiences, quickly discovers that a man is to hesitate before declaring as to seeing what he sees or hearing what he hears. A mother may not truly say that she sees her own child.\*

*Ech.* The last is true enough. She sees Matter ; that is, she sees the environment of her child's Ego.

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\* See "Nineteenth Century Sense."

*Prot.* Your brightness, Echecrates, commends itself. It would hardly be necessary or indeed seem desirable to speak of stones lying upon a road that some driver is to pass over if one could be sure of his not running against them. Philosophy, unhappily, is a way that has been crowded with stones. One occupying or assuming the place of adviser cannot be sure these stones will not be run against ; on the contrary, he may be very sure they will be, and that wheels and axles will get twisted and splintered out of all usefulness by reason of them.

To "Common sense," everything being accepted to be what it seems to be, there is no place for confusion ; an apple is an apple, a peach is a peach, a brick is a brick. To Educated sense, everything showing itself to be not at all what it seems to be, confusion is everywhere ; the taste and smell and color of apple and peach are not at all in the fruits, but in a percipient ; a brick is a phenomenon existing in the noumenon of Matter, needing alone to be analyzed that it disappear as though treated in a dream out of which the dreamer has awakened. Common-sense people know everything,—in their own estimation. Educated-sense people are led to doubt as to anything being known,—this out of their learning.

The inexperienced are what is to be called dogmatists. An old-time remark of the master is not

forgotten by us: "Men are ready with an opinion on a subject in proportion to their ignorance of it." People not experienced in analysis naturally assume that what they see, smell, taste, hear, and feel of things, this the things are. A dogmatist, to make illustration, is one who prides himself on being of no higher import than sheep or swine; this in truth if not in description. Dogmatism is the natural condition. Common sense and dogmatism are one. A philosopher grows from nowhere if not from a Common-sense man.

Let us, then, follow steps taken by the philosophers, and let us go heedfully and understandingly, for it is no idea with a seeker after wisdom simply to glean words, but what he desires is to get hold of that which opens to him the meaning of himself.

REALISM. It is to be put down that so soon as men progressed to the experience of thinking—*i.e.*, to comparing—they divided into two classes, the one finding its designation as Realist, the other as Nominalist. A Realist maintains that names stand identical with things named. A Nominalist, on the contrary, disavows general conceptions, or universals, as these are set forth by names.

Realism is one with what Plato means by his "Idea." Realism declares, as did Plato, that figure is nothing but one with expression of a thing, as

though he might say of a model that its purpose is to show a reality of which it is representation. It contends, to enlarge the example, that there is such a thing as virtue or vice or holiness or unholiness. Let us for a single moment consider such an issue out of dogmatism. Assuming a dogmatist, or natural man, to judge of objects through the common senses, is it not to be taken for granted that Ideas would come to offer themselves to him after a similar manner with objects? Hence Ideas, or Ideals, as existing with Realism: Idea, for example, of ferocity or mildness, of good or bad, of circumference or centre. Is it not a practice even with the general philosopher to speak of colors as Red or Green or Yellow or Violet, as in not unlike manner the capital letter is used by him in expressing ugliness, beauty, vice, virtue, evil, good? Consider the weakness, Echecrates. Color is certainly not a thing apart from what is colored, while to assert that a thing is ugly or beautiful is to say nothing of it but as it shows to the taste of one who looks. If Cebes is giving attention he will recall what Critias told him of the debate between the master and myself at the house of Callias, where realism received a quietus that should have rendered the condemnation of Roscelin a disgrace to the first century, to say nothing of the eleventh.

While Plato was a Realist, the master is a Nominal-

ist. Nominalism, as the opposite of Realism, rejects universals. The meaning of things, according to it, exists wholly by relation. There is neither zenith nor nadir save as these associate with the time of day at which a man looks upward or downward. Good to-day may very readily be bad to-morrow. Names are breaths. While the realist holds that names have correspondent existences, that ugliness and beauty and vice and virtue and unholiness and holiness are things in themselves, the nominalist derides his inferred shortsightedness. A nominalist, carrying his system to its ultimate, could as justly as honestly deny to-morrow what is asserted to-day, justification lying with changes that a single twenty-four hours may have brought about. Nominalism is thoroughly combative of the fixed as this exists in realism. It is no system or religion for sciolists or what these moderns term churchmen. It seems, however, both defensible and irrefutable as to its premises and positions.

*Ech.* Are you not wrong, Protagoras, in assuming the master to deny universals? Certainly God and Matter are universals to him. Perhaps, however, this is not what you mean?

*Prot.* It is hardly fair to decide for the master while sleep closes his ears and shuts in his tongue. He denies universals except as to these two, and if this be borne in mind his nominalism stands forth clear as the

mid-day sun. The master's nominalism carries to Idealism.\*

**IDEALISM.** Idealism is the doctrine that things are, to the senses which use them, what to the senses they seem to be ; that they are never anything else. With this system things are not in themselves, but are in the something apart from themselves that perceives them. Idealism is Ego as maker of things at will. An Idealist is optimist or pessimist by reason solely of himself ; he being creator of externals. A thing, ill to taste or smell, or other sense, cultivated into agreeableness, is one with a thing made over ; the idealist is his own maker or unmaker of things. Idealism denies verification as one with a rule of fixity, recognizing, as it assumes to do, that rule is never elsewhere than with a percipient. An Idealist is the world in himself. There is no world external to Ego. Idealism, finding that rocks and the everlasting hills are resolvable into an intangible essence, which essence is void and formless, denies all reality save as Ego, being percipient, is reality. Things are representations of ideas. Man's self is the creator of ideas. What is thought is the true and only existent. The world exists not to a man who sleeps without dreaming, as in like manner it would not exist to one dead and not resurrected.

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\* See this book, p. 41.

*Ech.* If memory plays me not a trick, the master quotes Plato in a class that seems to correspond closely, if not identically, with what is here defined as Idealism.

*Prot.* No wonder, Echecrates, that you miss the distinction, for it is no difficult matter to refine it away entirely. Try again for the general idea. Realism holds for reality in ideas, that is, that ideas are one with so-called real things; the idea of a tree one with a tree. Idealism, on the contrary, holds that neither tree nor idea of tree is elsewhere than with an Ego that sees or imagines the tree. Plato, scarcely in agreement with either pure Realism or Idealism, claimed reality as existing alone with the Idea. Seeing, for example, the model of a thing, he would seem to be right in declaring it representation and not the thing itself, which being admitted, the thing would at once stand forth as Idea. Models, might Plato have said, are made and disappear over and over, but Essence, or Ideal, of which they are models, remains unchanged and unchanging.

Here, Echecrates, with two conditions for a judgment of the world, we stand where four were apportioned by you for the circle of medicine.

*Ech.* But, my dear Protagoras, consider the books and the philosophers!

*Prot.* Here again is our revolution, Echecrates.

Find the books and the philosophers where you will, whether in Asia, Europe, or the other continents, all are, after some manner or other, Realists or Idealists ; this for the overriding reason that there is nothing else for them to be.

*Ech.* You refine happily, and to the making of things plain and easy, Protagoras, yet, as Socrates still sleeps, and indeed, as shown by his heavy snoring, is in no way disturbed by our talk, I must beg you continue, if perchance there is more to be said.\*

*Prot.* Let us, then, replace the terms Realism and Idealism respectively with the words Objectivism and Subjectivism.

OBJECTIVISM. Taking here no heed of what was given as a definition of Realism, we are to expose Objectivism as assertion of object. Object is external as reality. Philosophers of the objective school restrict their attention and examinations to things as things offer themselves to the senses. Objects are one with a

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\* The interested reader if laying down the volume in hand at this page and supplementing it with the book "Thinkers and Thinking" will find thinkers and thinking reviewed from Thales, B.C., to writers of the present day.

See also Plato's " Republic," beginning of seventh book ; also the " Phædo."

See also Schopenhauer's criticism of the Kantian philosophy, beginning of his second book.

non-ego; that is, objects are other than what I is. Object is one with science; the meaning of science being analysis of object. An Objectist holds himself as an observer observing an object that is not himself. Observing is assumed to furnish an observer with truth, truth being assumed in turn to lie in correspondence of order and ideas, and sequence as to phenomena. All purely scientific observers are Objectists. Such deride speculation related with the processes of deduction holding strictly to the inductive manner of Aristotle.\* Such, however, fail to notice that the data from which they start lie nowhere else than with assumptions out of the Ego. Relating to such finality Philippides has the following. A baby grandson said he would buy a woodpecker. "Where," asked Philippides, "is the money to come from?" "From the mother," answered the boy. "And from where will the mother get the money?" queried Philippides. "Out of the bank," said the boy. "And where does the bank get it?" asked the philosopher. The grandson, appealing to the mother, repeated her answer, "Out of the people." "And where," continued Philippides, "do the people get it?" Reply, after a similar manner, was, "Out of the miners." "And

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\* Inductive: denoting inferences led up to by preceding steps; getting to an up-stairs room by means of its steps; learning of a thing through its analysis.

where do the miners get it?" persisted Philippides. Boy and mother both laughed, the latter's reply being imitated by the child, that "the miners get it out of the earth." "And now," said Philippides, "tell where the earth gets it." Reply was hard to be repeated by the little tongue, "Her gets it out of a concatenation of circumstances," was the answer. It is not different with the Objectists: object with them comes as to its finality out of a concatenation of circumstances, and thus they find themselves fallen into the lap of Idealism.

SUBJECTIVISM. Alike unheeding a definition of Idealism, Subjectivism is to be exposed as the opposite to Objectivism. Subjective is one with Ego. External is in seeming, not in reality. Man is creator. Creation disappears as man ceases to create. World is much or little, wide or narrow, high or deep to a man according to his personal creational activity. The system is that of identity of subject and object. Now, Ego exists nowhere else but in Ego. Subjectivism, in its essence, is to be most simply illustrated by likening it with dream-life. A man awakening from a dream denies the world in which he has lived while yet unable to deny the living in it. Subjectivism makes of existence a continuous dream. A man unable to live in a subjective sense is one with what might in truth be called the dead. Not to feel and know and understand sub-

jectivism is one with feeling and knowing and understanding nothing. Living and not being subjective as to consciousness, is one with sleeping and being dead as in absence of dreaming. Absolute sleeping is one with absolute rest from creating.

Let us now pass to the two most modern synonyms : Materialism and Spiritualism.

MATERIALISM. Unheeding the definitions given of Realism and Objectivism, Materialism is to be described as an aspect of opinion that denies Existence outside of Matter. Self-consciousness, while necessarily accepted by it, has yet alone to it the signification of a bubble as this develops out of effervescence, the latter, in turn, being resultant of chemical change lying with relation. God is not, nor is Ego, *per se*. Universal lies with Matter. With Matter lives a law of phenomenal change tending to evolution. Cause of change is cause. Intelligence is named in this system Causality. What Causality is, Materialism has no other name for than cause. Recognizing as a basis for its system what it calls Matter, it assumes this to possess in itself power to ascend from a particle of dirt to human capability. Objective, in this system, is its own observer, knowledge is one with the thing known.\* Materialism is the basis of science. Overlooking the incongruity of law

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\* Here it is not easy to separate Materialism from Idealism.

existing independent of lawgiver, not unheeding it, for Materialism denies law or lawgiver outside of Matter itself, it is the system that pertains to work of chemist or mechanic. Materialism loses itself the moment recognition is reached that Matter itself is a thing that the physical senses cannot take hold of.

SPIRITUALISM. Still alike unheeding definitions given of Idealism and Subjectivism, Spiritualism is to be expressed as one with what is meant by recognition of Ego, its meaning and its capabilities. The word used by it in the Occident to express man is Spirit, meaning by this, Ego. The word it employs in the Orient is Astral. Spiritualism is not 'the religious incident, or association, for it relates quite as much with inferior animals as with superior men. A spiritualist, as a philosopher, holds God and Matter as relative associates of the Ego, or selfhood. Ego, to him, is in no sense the body, nor is it God. I is I. Ego, or Astral, is the existence he considers. If a man be a spiritualist of degree he is found to gradually lose sense of Matter and to walk the ground as one in a daze, this out of the reason that he lives with what unspiritual people call imagination, which imagination is to him sight of an eye from which a cataract has been removed and which by reason of an unencumbered or unveiled sight that has been reached lets him see things as he believes them to be. In a word, he sees selves

and things, not as these show to the ordinary man, through representations or models, but as Idea, or reality, which are the things themselves. The sense by which a spiritualist sees is the Egoistic, and not Common sense, nor Educated sense, nor God sense. He is by nature, or through concentration, clairvoyant and clairaudient. Seeing and hearing what are neither seen nor heard by the masses, reputation of singularity, if not indeed of lunacy, quickly attaches itself to him, they who relate with the attaching lacking perception to recognize that what is here derided is one with what is applauded as met with in people who see pots and kettles and who make models of them under the name of inventions.

Spiritualism is absolutely one with what, for lack of better term, may be called the ism of the dream state. To be asleep or dead is, to a Spiritualist, one with being awake or alive. Ego is the thing to be concerned about, not body. In spiritualism is understanding of ascending and not staying ascended, and, as well, of descending and not staying descended.

This is all, Echecrates; and in considering the definitions given we will stand, I think, in agreement as to there being but two ways of looking at things,—namely, from an outside and from an inside. I think, as well, we will stand agreeing that confusion is not at all in itself, but in the mixing of ways.

## THE PHILOSOPHERS.

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PROTAGORAS. Now concerning the philosophers.

Having separated philosophy into the two aspects of Realism and Idealism, which, on analysis, are found to differ in words rather than in facts from Objectivism and Subjectivism, or Materialism and Spiritualism, we are led naturally to a conclusion that these two directions are the windows of outlook for the lookers. Too much credit is hardly to be given Thales, from whom Anaxagoras got his cue, and in turn the master here, Socrates, from him, for that first and great question which set his age to thinking, and which, it is perceived, holds uppermost place to-day,—namely, “Who and what is Thales?” in other words, who and what is a man?

Outside is seen before inside. It is to be premised that philosophy started with observation of surface. Common sense, or, to express this better, the common senses, begin consideration of things as these offer themselves to sight, touch, taste, smell, and hearing. Inside is reached with the question as to who or what

it is that looks on outside. This question is inferred to have offered itself first to Thales.\*

Greece and India and Egypt are closely related, if indeed not inextricably mixed, as to the opening epoch of philosophy. The times of Thales and his school are, as these moderns reckon, from before the Christ six hundred years down to four hundred. Previous to the Ionians there is nothing but what comes under the head of primitive. True, the condition was not "that of general incoherence, as this relates with absence of ideas," but there was such lack of anything like analytical or scientific thinking that men dreamt not of living otherwise than in the shadow of a mythological pantheon which their fathers had built and provided with gods. Whatever the Biblical Adam might have known of his creator, it is evident enough that his descendants left the knowledge in the garden of Eden,—hence gods corresponding with phenomena.

Turn where man will, to Greece, to India, to Egypt, or to China, there is found nothing but "Common

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\* Philosophy is one with inquiry. Thales opened the epoch. Before him were none of whom he might learn. He could turn nowhere but toward Nature, and here he did turn, seeking to learn of her the mysteries of being. Of God, as an intelligence, as has been suggested by Hegel, he could have had no conception. He believed in God, but these were many, and of generation. A god developed from water as did a tree. See "Thinkers and Thinking," p. 62.

sense" before the pre-Christian seventh century; that is to say, men accepted things as being what they showed themselves. It is a curious fact that Ontology\* started, apparently, in many places at the same time, or almost at the same time,—this start being expressed by Educated sense in one direction, and by Egoistic or perhaps Soul sense in the other. These were as separate, yet scarcely distinct, currents representing what later came to be called Realism and Idealism. Culmination of the original Realism is in Aristotle. Idealism shows its distinction in Philo.† The former made short work of the subject of origin. "Matter is origin," he says; "Matter always has been and will be. Matter has end, yet each end is beginning to a new end. End is form, and the absolute form is spirit."‡ Philo, the man of Soul, saw in Mat-

\* Ontology. "The science, or thinking, that inquires into the essential nature and relation of things."

† In the judgment of many, Zeno would no doubt be named in place of Philo.

‡ Aristotle, as to this, is comprehended better in Spinoza than in himself, just as, in turn, the Jew is best understood by him who is acquainted with the Stagirite. "Substance is the sum of the all. Substance is the cause of itself; its being concludes existence in itself; substance is the positive; substance is nature; substance is God. By God I understand the ABSOLUTE Infinite Being; in other words, God is substance constituted by an infinity of attributes, each of which expresses an eternal and infinite essence."

ter not cause, but emanation out of cause : "Matter is God, yet God is not Matter." The two are later a great sea in Des Cartes.\* "There are two other substances," teaches the Breton, "beside the Primal, created by the Primal, these being Mind (thought) and Matter (body)."

*Cebes.* He meant by mind Ego, did he not?

*Prot.* This.

*Ceb.* So I think you two hold alike?

*Prot.* This, again.

*Ceb.* As the premise of the Breton relates with the Hypostases it seems a solid foundation.

*Prot.* There is none other that is without confusion. It is as that which proves common rest to diving fishes and flying birds. Schools and systems departing from it come back. A road that is a circle necessarily returns on itself. Here is Origin, Cebes: let it be assumed demonstrated until later you feel yourself at liberty to deny or compelled to accept.

The Greek intellectual age began, as we understand, with Thales, and ended practically with Aristotle; the latter being a pupil of Plato. The date of the birth of the former was, before the Christ, 640; the latter was born three hundred years later. The contempo-

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\* See for Aristotle, Philo, Des Cartes, and Spinoza, the book "Thinkers and Thinking." Modern positivistic studies are best made in Auguste Comte. Idealism finds its happiest exponent in Berkeley.

rary of Plato and Aristotle in China was Mencius, who, as philosopher, was the successor of Confucius, the latter being born five hundred and fifty-one years before the Christ. Gautama, the Buddha of India, that Buddha whose teachings are hope and inspiration to over four hundred millions of people, came into the flesh, or was incarnated, to use the Indian word, about the same time with Thales. The name of Moses suggests itself. Moses was born thirty-three hundred years ago. Whatever was the learning of the Egyptians of his time, there is little doubt but that it was possessed by this describer of the creation. Manetho, an historian and high-priest, commences his writings by an introduction of Menes, the first king of Egypt and founder of the first thirty dynasties. Before Menes the country was ruled, he tells us, by gods and demi-gods. Menes appears upon the stage of Egyptian history, indefinitely, two or three thousand years before the era of the Christians. He is credited with having introduced worship of the gods. A people arrived at the pantheistic conception, if at all analytical, shortly reaches the monotheistic conception.

*Ceb.* I see ! Gods signify God, as children a father.

*Prot.* Moses, who is the just successor of the dynasties, wrote certainly as a pure monotheist. "In the beginning," commences his cosmogony, "God created the heavens and the earth." Passing through the

centuries down to the modern questioning of Spinoza, it comes to be asked, "Of what, or out of what, did God create the heavens and the earth?" "Accepting," said Spinoza, "that in the beginning was God (let us here name it Origin), that God was the All and the Everything, that he was the omnipresent Universal, how," he asked, "could even the God create out of himself a thing unlike himself?"

*Ceb.* Why, Protagoras, here are Aristotle and Philo brought to a common platform. It seems to make little difference as to whether the primal is named Matter, as by the Stagirite, Substance, as by the Jew, or God, as by Moses, and Philo, and the moderns.

*Prot.* Why, no, Cebes, seeing that as to both God and Matter alike we are unable to know what they are; that is, we neither know nor can know anything about them save as they exhibit and stand to us through phenomena.

*Ceb.* I assume you to mean, Protagoras, that they are to us as are boards to a carpenter?

*Prot.* Exactly; for use, as use is found to lie with them. A Jewish historian, Josephus, stands intermediate to Moses and Spinoza, being practically contemporaneous with the Christ; necessarily after the times of Thales and Anaxagoras and Plato and Aristotle, and as necessarily a philosopher in the sense of being learned. Taking up this subject, which he assumes

to be as unimportant as unknowable, he says, in the preface of a history he has written of the Jews, "Moses wrote enigmatically, sometimes allegorically, and sometimes in plain words." In other plain words, Josephus did not know what to make of Moses' cosmogony.\*

*Ceb.* Will you not speak plainly here, Protagoras?

*Prot.* Josephus and Moses were two. The former may not have possessed Soul sense, the latter might. If the difference existed, speech and view could not possibly be the same. In Moses is recital, not demonstration. To know, or to rest in assurance that one knows, is to be dogmatic. Moses is dogmatism itself. For myself I have not the slightest interest in any story about creation. I am not interested, because of failing to see that the Something or Nothing out of which creation is created is of relation or concern to me otherwise than as it stands to the uses of senses that have to do with it.

*Ceb.* This seems to me Aristotle's way of looking at the matter.

*Prot.* Confusion is everywhere, save with the hypotheses. Sense, or Thing, appeals to Sense or Thing. Matter acts in Matter. Ego acts in Ego. Soul acts in God. Conjoined, as in man, the three are man's self, his world, his God.

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\* Cosmogony. Origin or creation of the universe.

*Ceb.* Assuredly, Protagoras, neither the Common senses, the Educated senses, Egoistic sense, nor Soul sense gets hold of any but the three things constituting the human hypostasis.

*Prot.* This for the reason that there is nothing else ; hence universal and man are one ; hence, again, the study of universal is one with study of a man's self. This is what Zoroaster meant in his declaration that "in knowledge of Self is understanding of the world."

Shall I go on ? Or perhaps with this declaration of indifference as climax your interest stops and you are become as the horse in a bark-mill ?

*Ceb.* It does indeed seem like to an around and around, any and every place being equally good as start or ending. But pray go on, that more of these philosophers may show themselves.

*Prot.* In the interval between Thales and Epicurus there talked and wrote as thinkers who invite mention Xenophanes, Zeno, Empedocles, Democritus, and Pyrrho. The first of these, in his conception of beginning, struck the hypostasis God, this being the opposite to the hypostasis of Aristotle.\* "To conceive Origin as incipient, and not Self-existent, he held as impossible. Nothing can be produced from Nothing. 'Whence, therefore,' he asked, 'was Origin produced ?

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\* Hypostasis, singular. Hypostases, plural.

From itself? No; for then it must already have been in existence to produce itself, otherwise it would have been produced from nothing. Hence primary law. Origin is self-existent; if self-existent, consequently eternal.''\*<sup>\*</sup> Zeno, not the Stoic, but him of Elea, is also to be credited for catching conception of hypostases. Out of Reason, he held, idea of Being is obtained. Out of use of the senses many things are found to exist. Zeno used the word God, not Being: the latter was the term of Parmenides: there is difference alone in the calling, however; Origin, God, Being, mean the same thing. Empedocles appealed to Reason for his knowledge and denied the reliability of the senses. By reason he meant inspiration as this is receivable by Egoistic sense,<sup>†</sup> or, if this is not exactly what he meant, there is but the other thing he could mean, Soul sense. Such conclusion is not unacceptable, because it maintains the knowing of Like by Like. Democritus was he who spent a great patrimony in pursuit of knowledge. His conclusions are closely akin with those of the modern Berkeley. Sensation he affirmed to be one with truth, in other words, one with a thing sensed. Interest in Democritus lies

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\* Lewes. The word used by this author is Being, in place of Origin.

† For illustration of this see chapter on Mediums and Sensitives in "Nineteenth Century Sense."

with a famous question put by him,—namely, “ How does a man see things external to himself?” This query directs to the sense of sight. Here was an era in philosophy. What has gone before shows plainly real or seeming division here of realists and idealists, the one holding that things are what they seem to be, the other denying that a thing is anything but what it appears to be to a sense that uses it.\*

SIMMIAS. A question just here, Protagoras. We understand you as agreeing with the master that “ a thing is to the sense that uses it what to the sense it seems to be”?

*Prot.* You understand aright: it is certainly this.

*Sim.* Arsenic is white and sugar is white: what if the first be mistaken for the latter?

*Prot.* I fear, Simmias, you will never make a philosopher: white is white, and not the poison or sweet of arsenic or sugar.

*Sim.* You speak truth, Protagoras, yet discourage me. Arsenic, as you hint, and as cannot fail to be seen from the hint, relates with Educated, and not with Common, sense. Let Democritus go, and the others as well; nothing seems to be learned in discussing them.

*Prot.* You are to be agreed with, Cebes; that is, considering the principles of knowledge in our pos-

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\* See “ Thinkers and Thinking,” or, much better, see “ Principles of Knowledge,” by Berkeley.

session.\* A moment, however, before letting them go. Greek thought, as starting with the Ionians, was Realistic; Indian thought is Idealistic. These two characters of outlook we have analyzed. Tracing from Thales until Anaxagoras is reached, men and the world and the gods are found esteemed as expressions of water or air or fire. Anaxagoras related with Diogenes in inferring that there must exist somewhere and after some manner something that is apart from material and with which must reside a directing or supervising quality, as, look where the eyes will, as said Diogenes, there "evidence of design is to be seen." It is no offence to the master to hint that the God of Socrates is different only as a higher conception from what Anaxagoras named "Mind" and Diogenes called the "Soul" of the air.†

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\* Reference is here to associate books, "Thinkers and Thinking" and "Nineteenth Century Sense."

† Diogenes of Apollonia follows Anaximenes, whose doctrine of origin differed from that of Thales alone in that air, and not water, was esteemed the principle of life. The date of birth of Diogenes is given as 460 before Christ. The air, as announced by his predecessor, he accepted as the principle of life, but he widened the outlook by pointing out an analogy with what he called soul; he meaning by this what in the present volume has been illustrated by the watch-inventor in relation with the running of watches. The air, he said, may be the principle of life only as there resides with it a vital force. The air is therefore soul; it is a living and intelligent being. See "Thinkers and Thinking," p. 65.

Greek thought may have reached India, in a philosophical sense, only with the times of Diogenes and Anaxagoras, for, commence where one will, with this people the something that is occult is found to have precedence of what is open ; subjective is always before objective, otherwise closely related with it. India is looked to as the land where Soul sense and Egoistic sense show esoteric development as this exists in abnegation of the materialistic : God is highest, Matter is lowest ; hence India is the home of Theosophy, a doctrine in which all comes out of Theos, or God, and all goes back into him.

Difference between Greek and Indian speculations is fully expressed in difference existing to-day, and as, no doubt, difference will continue to exist so long as men vary as to age, education, or inspirations, or, to put this more justly, as things to be measured are judged through the varying media of Common sense, Educated sense, Egoistic sense, and Soul sense : Long sight and Short sight cannot see alike, nor does a god, who looks from above, see as does a caterpillar, which looks from below.

*Ceb.* Do you imply, Protagoras, that the philosophers here in this "two thousand years after" are akin with the others of the Eternal Now who talked and wrote two thousand years earlier ?

*Prot.* I imply that philosophy is philosophy just as

Now is Now, so there can be no difference save as just pronounced : the material people of to-day are one with the material people of all times and places, and the spiritual are of similar import ; men can believe nothing else but that they see what they see and that they hear what they hear ; and what is seen and heard by men differs necessarily with the means of seeing and hearing used by them. Men advance, however ; hence discussion of things on different planes. The famous Upanishads of India commence with songs to a Deity, passing from these to ceremonies, and only finally to logic. With logic is necessarily philosophy. Systems multiply with the system-makers, and as the thinkers so the thinking.

*Ceb.* Did we understand, then, incorrectly, Protagoras, in accepting you to say a little time back that there are but two systems ?

*Prot.* I am happily corrected in a bad way of expressing a thing. What I mean is that a carpenter may and does take of the same kind of wood and makes out of it large variety. At the present epoch the systems of Philosophy to which the name Indian is to be applied are six in number. All are Idealistic in the sense of being pantheistic. The first, the Sankhya, deals with the question of the Ionians ; it considers evolution. The last is the Maya ; it discusses the existence and meaning of illusions. An interme-

diate is the Yoga ; it inculcates asceticism. For myself, I esteem the Indian as the highest expression of a subjective philosopher, inasmuch as he has reached consonance of esoteric situation and inclination. A backwoodsman of this America in which we find ourselves is a philosopher in proportion as he is antipodal to an Indian fakir ; that is, as his consonance of situation and inclination is exoteric : one gives to the world his most in pointing with withered arm towards self-abnegation, the other is best employed in felling trees and grubbing roots.

Realism and Idealism, or, to use the modern words, Materialism and Spiritualism, go as does a seesaw. Which is up, or which down, depends entirely on impulse as related with situation. The foot of an American seldom touches anything but the material. The foot of the Indian spurns mostly everything but the immaterial. American and Indian represent all the philosophers.

*Ceb.* But as to the schools and the classes of philosophers ?

*Prot.* Hist, Cebes ! You ask as one who has not lived, or, having lived, has not observed or inquired. You remember Gorgias who called himself a rhetorician ? You recall too, no doubt, having heard that the orator named his the art of arts, and that, on this, the master quickly made felt that he was not differ-

ent from a man who might contend that one o'clock is all the hours of a day, when, in fact, of itself it is nothing. We are to find the thing little different with schools and systems outside of that common day and night in which we have viewed them. Everything is Outside or Inside; and these, being fully scanned, are found nothing different from a circle, which, while in a sense it may be said to be possessed of outside and inside, yet is seen to have the one and the other by reason of a common line. However, consider, if you please, before leaving the subject, the school of the Neo-Platonists, who refined somewhat on the master through Plotinus, Iamblichus, and Porphyry in passing from logic to a mysticism which latter lies not elsewhere than with the Subjective; a condition living, in turn, with assertion and recognition of Ego. Neo-Platonism is one with Alexandrianism. Its founder was Plotinus, a common porter of Alexandria. Passing through centuries, this system is found absolutely one with the Spiritualism of to-day. It is one with the enunciation of Paracelsus and of Jacob Boehm. Going intermediately, it is difficult to separate it from that of which it is commonly deemed the antagonist, Christianity. It is one, after close manner, both with the Yoga and Maya systems of the Indians.\*

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\* "Plotinus blushed because he had a body: contempt of human personality could go no further. What was offered in exchange?

Alexandrianism, as expressive of evolution, is a natural result, arising out of a mingling of Realism and Idealism. Philo, a true predecessor of Plotinus, was educated both in the Objectivism of the Greeks and the Subjectivism of the Indians. These schools had alike true ideas, yet they seemed in conflict, and led, therefore, to scepticism. With Philo, and his successors, lay reconciliation. The Greeks talked of outside and the Indians of inside. Here was the confusion. The modern Spiritist, who unwittingly calls

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The ecstatic perception; the absorption of personality in that of the Deity,—a Deity inaccessible to knowledge as to love,—a Deity which the soul can only attain by a complete annihilation of its personality." Let this, which is a philosophical writer's (of the Comte school, Lewes) conception of Philo, be compared with the lesson living with the lily sprays as given on page 155 of this book: Soul and God one.

See also Soul, "Nineteenth Century Sense."

See also "Thinkers and Thinking," p. 159.

"Faith," says Proclus, "is above all science. Mercury, the messenger of Jove, reveals to us Jove's paternal will, and thus teaches us science, and, as the author of all investigation, transmits to us, his disciples, the genius of invention. The science which descends into the soul from above is more perfect than any science obtained by investigation; that which is excited in us by other men is far less perfect. Invention is the energy of the soul. The science which descends from above fills the soul with the influence of higher causes. The gods announce it to us by their presence and by illuminations, and discover to us the order of the universe." See definition of truth of this and of its meaning in Soul sense.

himself Spiritualist, is a jumble of Subjectist and Objectist, a person having hold of Thales' hand on one side and the hand of Philo on the other: he is confused and lost by reason of not understanding that his hands hold different things.

The mysticism of the Alexandrians, Cebes, is the delight and comfort of all intelligence that reaches to the hypostases. Dialectics having evolved the hypostases, Ego is at once as a hawk with its hood off.\* Here the modern Berkeley and the more modern Schopenhauer. Here these new people, Kant and Fichte. Here Bacon, and Des Cartes, and Spinoza, and Malebranche. Here Locke.†

*Ceb.* Hist, Protagoras! You run back and forth as doth a hound upon the scent.

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\* Neo-Platonism is defined happily by Flemming as that which despairs of the regular progress of science; it believes that we may attain directly, without the aid of the senses or reason, and by an immediate intuition, the real and absolute principle of all truth, God. It finds God either in nature, and hence a physical and naturalistic mysticism, or in the soul, and hence a moral and metaphysical mysticism. It has also its historical views, and in history it considers especially that which represents mysticism in full and under its most regular form,—that is, religions; and it is not to the letter of religions, but to their spirit, that it clings.

See "Thinkers and Thinking," p. 156.

† "The mind hath no other immediate object but its own ideas, which it alone does or can contemplate."—LOCKE.

*Prot.* You hit it exactly, Cebes. In like manner doth one tag after the Realists, finding these modern positivists improved in nothing on Anaxagoras save that they have looked out more of the wheels within wheels. In similar way too are we to speak of the Agnostics of to-day, recognizing them to be but a repetition of Pyrrho's voice.\*

*Sim.* If the things be in name and not in matter, why double more, Protagoras? for myself, I prefer coming back to that eternal Now in which I perceive to lie the systems and philosophers in a sense little different from a long snake turned into a hoop by reason of its tail being stuffed into its mouth.

*Prot.* To look immediately around is to see all there is to see. To listen is to hear all there is to hear. To taste, to smell, to touch, is to taste, smell, and touch all that is to be smelled, tasted, and touched. Now stands still. Nothing has been seen, heard, tasted, smelled, or touched but is one with what is.

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\* Let your language be, "It may be so," "Perhaps," "Such as it is is possible," "I assert nothing, not even that I assert nothing."

See "Thinkers and Thinking," p. 150.

## FROM CIRCUMFERENCE TOWARDS CENTRE.

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PROTAGORAS. Concerning a snake with its tail stuffed into its mouth, forming a hoop and affording a centre.

A hoop, Cebes, is the symbol both of life and living. A hoop goes round and round in a circle. Going round and round, it yet moves forward or backward, otherwise it confusedly wriggles and falls. Is it thus, or is it not thus, with a hoop?

CEBES. There is but one answer to make: it is as you say.

*Prot.* What as to the earth, which is a great globe? does this also go round and round, and does it at the same time move forward and backward in an orbit?

*Ceb.* This is also as you say.

*Prot.* And how does it show as regards man? Does a man go round and round in a circle? that is, does he go to bed and get up, labor and rest, eat and fast, talk and keep silent, show temper and then amiability, act the sage and play the fool? doing in turn

all these things, departing from them, and coming back to them?

*Ceb.* I think that in such respects, Protagoras, men at large are alike with the individual man : All live in such a circle.

*Prot.* And is it to be agreed, Cebes, that as a hoop has a centre, around and about which it revolves, and the same as to the earth, it cannot be dissimilar with man?

*Ceb.* You mean Ego as his centre?

*Prot.* Nothing else could be meant. Body of man and rim of hoop are of similar meaning. See you anything besides centre and rim, Cebes, in a hoop?

*Ceb.* What more is there to see?

*Prot.* Why, surely, Cebes, you do not overlook that the rim must rest upon something, otherwise it would fall quickly enough into the centre. It is as well the case that this support must be of a strength to bear fifteen pounds multiplied by every square inch contained in the circumference of the rim ; that is to say, a hoop having a rim measuring a thousand square inches, the something which forms this intermediate between rim and centre must equal in supporting power fifteen thousand pounds.

*Ceb.* According to this, the unseen part of a hoop is fifteen times greater than what is called the hoop?

*Prot.* We must needs say this ; and we are to ap-

preciate as well that unseen is exhibited as not synonymous with absence.

*Ceb.* What is this third attribute of a hoop?

*Prot.* Why, air, of course. This rests upon the centre of the hoop, which is one with saying that it rests upon itself, while, in turn, the rim rests upon it.

*Ceb.* And what is it, Protagoras, that, in like importance, relates body of man and his Ego?

*Prot.* You have used the right word, Cebes. Had you said "manner" instead of "importance," the answer would not have been of significance. As hoop is not hoop without the three conditions of centre, rim, and air, so man is not man without the three conditions of Ego, body, and soul.

*Ceb.* Would you say, Protagoras, that what the importance of air contained in the circumference of a hoop is to the combined importance of centre and circumference, that also is soul in its relation to the Ego and body of a man?

*Prot.* This, multiplied by that which is the difference between animal and man; for you understand, Cebes, that absence of soul is presence of animal.

*Ceb.* Protagoras, you do indeed supply hints for our furnishing. The common sense of sight sees nothing between the rim of a hoop and its centre; after like manner it is to be assumed that through Soul sense alone may a man apprehend that inter-

mediate of his hypostases which distinguishes itself as the God part of his combination.

*Prot.* I think we are prepared to go on.

*Ceb.* Since the talk regarding the hypostases we have tried closely and clearly to consider this self-exposing relation of things, recognizing that if details are to be appreciated, principles are first to be understood. This course we were urged to, first by the Master, and later by our desires for a kind of knowledge which we find growing more and more beautiful and satisfying as we advance. *Phædo*, who is our library, as *Crito* is our purse, has been the means for our excursion, and together we have sat into the nights quite regardless of sleep by reason of interest in expositions which clearly support your assertion that Realism and Idealism are the sole two windows of outlook on the Universal.

*Prot.* How wise you are, Cebes ! Different as the thing seems, most people begin building in the air rather than upon the ground. Let us now look at our foundation, for in this we have place for a corner-stone, which, when laid, is unyielding support to all that goes atop of it ; this not at all like the resting of earth upon an elephant, and this in turn upon a tortoise, and this still in turn upon a serpent. Our corner-stone is not less a reality than is support through the relationship of gravitation,—a thing which,

like to air, is not seeable by eye or touchable by hand, yet which is stronger and of greater weight than all the suns and planets of the Universe combined.

*Ceb.* The corner-stone is *Now*?

*Prot.* To emphasize it, Cebes, let us imagine a pyramid millions of times broader and higher and older than that of Cheops, and let us imagine the stone-cutting instruments of all the earth made into one, and in turn let us imagine this instrument forever engaged in cutting and deepening a line reading

“AN ETERNAL Now.”

This, Cebes, may faintly express idea of the stupendous significance of the line as its meaning relates with a man's understanding of himself, and of his relation with the Universal. In application of Oneness as to Now and Eternity is disappearance of confusions of all kinds, together with all mysteries. What could remain to confound when highest height and lowest depth and greatest length and widest breadth are one with the man standing in their midst? Here is no to-morrow to consider, no yesterday to perplex. Here is Oracle with voice ever unmuffled. Here God and devil and heaven and hell are one with a man's self. Attained to understanding of this oneness of Now and Eternity, and of the oneness of Man's hypostases with the hypostases of the Universal,

how insignificant and unimportant become the disputes of philosophers and the diversities of systems! Does not even the simple man comprehend that an outside implies inside, as, in turn, inside may not exist separated from outside? Seeing Now to be one with Eternity, and the hypostases of Man to be one with the hypostases of the Universal, is seeing the whole.

*Ceb.* Concerning this Eternal Now, Protagoras?

*Prot.* It, and its relations, alone remain to be considered. But how say you, Cebes? If a man is not in an Eternal Now, are we to declare that he is not in it?

*Ceb.* It would not be easy to say anything else.

*Prot.* What as to Consciousness? would you say that if a man is unconscious he is not conscious?

*Ceb.* This, truly.

*Prot.* And would you say, reversing this, that a man being conscious he is not unconscious?

*Ceb.* Nothing else is to be said.

*Prot.* How as to oneness of consciousness or unconsciousness with being or not being?

*Ceb.* Assuredly consciousness is the same as "to be," while unconsciousness is one with "not to be."

*Prot.* Such being the case, immortality is to be declared one with continuous consciousness?

*Ceb.* Necessarily this.

*Prot.* And we may not say that consciousness exists elsewhere than with consciousness?

*Ceb.* It would be impossible for it to exist save in itself.

*Prot.* How is it just now with Cebes? is he conscious?

*Ceb.* We have agreed, Protagoras, that Ego and Consciousness are identical, and certainly Cebes is Ego.

*Prot.* Then, if a consciousness, which is one with Cebes, is immortal, that is, if Cebes is immortal by reason of being a conscious existence, this consciousness is to continue unbroken?

*Ceb.* Assuredly this.

*Prot.* What continues unbroken is That which Cebes knows as himself? in other words, what continues unbroken is a That which now is?

*Ceb.* This, Protagoras, otherwise there is no present Cebes.

*Prot.* We are, then, agreed that unconsciousness is the reverse of consciousness,—the one being identical with non-existence, the other identical with existence?

*Ceb.* Quite agreed.

*Prot.* Turning this around, I am to say that we are one in a conclusion that consciousness is immortal by reason of its being one with Ego, which Ego is an Entity, or simple, the entities, or simples, being pure existences, consequently immortal?

*Ceb.* In truth, Protagoras, the argument must be held perfect, if doubt is entirely absent as regards the persistent nature of an entity.

*Prot.* Are we, then, to opine that doubt is not absent from Cebes?

*Ceb.* Pardon, Protagoras, it is just away. I had momentarily overlooked the noumenal nature of the parts composing the hypostases.

*Prot.* To be wanting in appreciation and understanding of the Noumena is indeed one with finding nothing in the argument of the hypostases. Let still other nights be spent with Phædo.\*

*Ceb.* But you esteem argument existing in the hypostases unbreakable?

*Prot.* To break it is one with denying hunger when one is hungry, consciousness when consciousness is present, and God when the construction and rhythm of the world are looked at.

*Ceb.* Might it not indeed be said, Protagoras, that proof of it lies with the Self that finds itself asking after proof?

*Prot.* Put it as you please, Cebes, yourself holds it all. Shall we go on?

*Ceb.* I beg that the unnecessary interruption be pardoned.

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\* Phenomena, or manifestations, are impossible save as they come out of, and go back into, Noumenon.

*Prot.* Let us, then, put the things together. Cebes exists. He exists now. Cebes is Ego. Ego is a simple. Simple is immortal. Cebes is immortal by reason of being a simple. Immortal is one with unbroken existence. Unbroken existence is not possibly else than continuous existence. *Ergo*, Now and Eternity are the same.

*Ceb.* I fear, Protagoras, you will scarcely excuse me, but question here offers. Eternity and Now accepted as one, what is gained in replacing a familiar with an unfamiliar term?

*Prot.* Your last more than excuses the questions put together. The word Eternity has been made the saddest misnomer of language. It is at one and the same time the bugaboo, the land of promise, the will-o'-the-wisp, and the cheat of mankind.

“Man never is, but always to be blest.”

In like manner, he never is, but always to be curst. Now, there not being anything else, or time, or space, save what now is, man is to recognize that he joys or cheats himself always and forever as he relates with a Now that is with him. This he may not get away from. Heed, Cebes! Compelled to recognize the oneness of Eternity and Now, could it be otherwise than that heaven and hell are with That which alone is? Might it as well be otherwise than that heaven,

or the absence of it, is anything or any place save as it is one with presence or absence of God in the hypostases? for surely, as has before been considered, presence of God is identical with existence of heaven.\*

*Ceb.* This accords with what you quoted of the three lily-sprays as representing difference existing with men and the manner of creating difference.†

*Prot.* The sprays, Cebes, are become my Zeus, my Christ, my Gautama, my Mencius, my Confucius, my Mahomet, my all of the philosophers and systems of philosophy, my entire and sole religion, my whole knowledge of pain and pleasure, my bad genius in times of temptation and my good dæmon in hours of succor; in a word, this dream of a modern is become my sole and only lifter-up and puller-down. Heed closely, Cebes: temptation is with Matter; Salvation is with Soul. Ego is chooser. To yield to Matter is to descend; to cling by Soul is to ascend.

*Ceb.* You have called this dream an inspiration, Protagoras: what do you mean by this?

*Prot.* That which a man looks towards after right manner, he sees. When, for a year, a month, a week, a day, or even a single hour, the Ego is concentrated

\* See "The Unpardonable Sin," in "Nineteenth Century Sense."

† See in this book page 155. Also see "Nineteenth Century Sense."

on considering the divine part of the hypostases, this suddenly brightens and enlarges and begins the showing forth of beautiful and unfamiliar images, these images enlarging and increasing as to size and significance proportionally with the concentration. This dream is an inspiration in the sense that Mahomet's camel is a revelation. Lying down in sleep is one with Freedom of Ego to visit Olympus or Hades.

*Ceb.* I think I grasp what is meant. The things of the sea are different from the things of the land, and whether one or the other of the kinds are seen depends entirely on the direction in which the eyes are turned.

*Prot.* This, and the nature of the eyes.

*Ceb.* Sin, as existing with Matter, is not plain to me, Protagoras. What is there in Matter that is bad?

*Prot.* Nothing at all, Cebes, save in the sense that ditch-water is warm and insipid, while spring-water is cool and refreshing. Things are relative. It is sin against intelligence to relate with Matter in the shape of a tall tree during the time of a thunder-storm. Not to relate with Matter in the shape of a tall tree when the power of the sun threatens a heat-stroke is alike sin against intelligence.

*Ceb.* Your convictions are in accord with the master's. "Nothing," he maintains, "is good or bad in itself."

*Prot.* You, Cebes, and the rest of you are to scan the thing for yourselves ; the words should be, not good and bad, but expedient and inexpedient.

*ECHECRATES.* Pardon, Protagoras, may I ask a few questions ?

*Prot.* Good Echecrates, you have asked so few that Cebes may well give way.

*Ech.* Considering that the earth upon which man finds himself compares with the universe of earths as does a single drop of water with all the seas, may it not be that an unduly restricted view is being taken of the things we consider ? This I urged to Phædo, but he maintains denial to lie with the hypotheses.

*Prot.* Phædo I will assume to be acquainted with the revelations of both microscope and telescope ?

*PHÆDO.* I have used the instruments with large profit as to inlook and outlook, Protagoras.

*Prot.* How is it, Phædo, with the moons of Jupiter and the legs of a mite ? Are the two alike in their way ?

*Phæ.* If by alike you mean correspondence with relations, then does it show not different but that as much ingenuity has been expended on the construction of the one as the other.

*Prot.* And how does a moon of Jupiter show as compared with the moon of the earth ?

*Phæ.* As moons they are the same in the sense of being alike reflectors of light that falls upon them.

*Prot.* You have seen a rhinoceros, Phædo. How do the legs of such a brute compare with those of the mite?

*Phæ.* I have dissected both, Protagoras, and what the one set is that the other is.

*Prot.* Passing from a moon to a mite, Echecrates, and finding the two practically alike in that both are equally suited to purpose, would it seem unfair to assume like equality as existing in all the region separating Cassiopeia's chair from the planet Uranus?

*Ech.* It certainly seems to be as you suggest.

*Prot.* Answer candidly, Echecrates. Is there not question back as to a heaven and hell existing somewhere among the stars?

*Ech.* You have read me, Protagoras.

*Prot.* Why hesitation? We are to ask Phædo if the telescope shows a man, like unto ourselves, in the moon, or a maiden, like unto Lais, in Cassiopeia's chair. If the answer be yes, then there are heaven and hell in the two places. If he reply no, then nothing is known about the thing. Hist, Echecrates! Religion becomes a simple matter in presence of the hypostases, and as absence of religion is reverse of its presence this also is found easy to measure. What is, in truth, the former of these states, compares in illustration with

the winding and regulating of a watch. The God, like Time-of-day, is everywhere: men and watches are about alike as to the respective holdings. My own watch is my own reminder, not only as to the Time-of-day, but as to the state of my religion. The condition of my watch, which happens not to be good for holding its office of Time, and the relativity of my hypostases, which, I fear, is even worse as holder of the office of God, give me large concern and require much looking after. In finding my watch an hour or two behind, which is generally the case, I am reminded of the other matter, which, it is to be confessed, is commonly found much farther behind.

*Ceb.* Not to interrupt, I think a bad watch is to be called a good possession under such circumstances.

*Prot.* Circle and orbit, Echecrates, are one with constant change: so it is the case that going not forward is one with going backward. Now is Now. But Now, in like manner as it is Now, is not to be imagined of other relation with any probable beginning or any possible ending.

*Ech.* A million years being imagined to have passed, you imply the man to be exactly in a state forward or backward as he has advanced or retrograded as to work?

*Prot.* Karma is Kismet.\* Other being the case, man

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\* Karma, work. Kismet, result of work.

is not his own maker or unmaker. Consider, Echecrates. How stands the matter with yourself? What as to the Now of Athens and the Now of Philadelphia? The question is not more easily settled than is the weight of salt. Look at the matter after other manner. How compare Echecrates' hypostases of to-day and yesterday? How compare the parts as to a decade of years back and the present year? Is Ego lightening itself with Soul or is it burdening itself with Matter? That which has strongest voice speaks the loudest. Ask yourself, Echecrates, as to heaven and hell.

*Ech.* But I ask further of you.

*Prot.* Perhaps you could not ask better. Of a truth I may not deny knowledge of both, and if it be that the places are separated as are the antipodes I make the voyage, even at the present time, with the quickness that suffices for a man at large to decide between a good and a bad action. Like knows like. A cumbersome body makes itself felt as an impediment at every step. A man with excess of Soul as to his hypostases has trouble to keep upon the ground. Soul is controlling principle. As it is in the hypostases, the man goes right. As it is away, he goes without godly direction. In presence of the meaning of the hypostases it is silly to pray "lead us not into temptation," for this is one with pronouncing God to be devil; the word is leave: "leave us not in tempta-

tion." Understanding, Echecrates, as we do in our comprehension of the hypostases, what it is that stays or leaves, a man is not at loss as to where the ear is to which he appeals. A body may appeal to Ego not to be left to its automatism in presence of a precipice. Ego and body may appeal to Soul not to be left without higher and more reliable direction than is inherent in themselves when in presence of a temptation,—direction, in both cases, as is to be appreciated, that is within and not without. Prayer to be saved from temptation is unnecessarily loudly uttered where voice is given it. Is it not beautiful, Echecrates, that the God is commandable even as Time-of-day is at a man's command? No man doubts that Time-of-day is commandable, or that it is otherwise than at his instant and immediate service if it please him to hold such relation with it. Let a point be esteemed iterated and reiterated. Soul and religion are identical. As Soul is present in the hypostases of a man, let him be heathen, Jew, or Christian, the man is religious. Soul lacking, the man is beast, let his title be pope or infidel.

*Ech.* You are letting in light, Protagoras, on the confusion lying with the doctrine of Special Providence as this, after the common fashion, relates the care of the God with the afflictions of men.

*Prot.* The doctrine of Special Providence, as ordi-

narily taught and understood, shows the God so merciless that the preacher of it is wise in employing the physician's art to keep him out of such hands long as is possible. Philippides, discoursing on this matter, tells the story of one of these preachers who came to his garden with the view of securing food for the winter's table. "I shared with him," said the philosopher, "as to land, sunshine, and in seed. As to difference, he prayed and I hoed. When the fall came, all the food was found on my side of the garden." O Echecrates! consider this thing well. A diphtheritic babe strangles and struggles and smothers though an enveloping atmosphere is filled with the supplications of a heart-torn mother. Rivers overflow their boundaries, drowning pitilessly all of life that happens to be in the way. Earthquakes engulf, crushing and tearing the bodies of men and women and children into shapeless masses of flesh and bone. Pestilence settles down upon a land, and good and bad alike burn up with fever or shrink away in collapse.

The stand-point of Special Providence being the basis of judgment, confusion grows worse confounded when the strangling of the diphtheritic babe, the drownings by overflowing rivers, the crushing and tearing by earthquakes, and the burning and shrinking by pestilence come to be contrasted with the cooing, crowing voice of babyhood, the refreshment living with springs

that flow out of the hill-sides, the stable mountains and valleys affording habitations to men, the salubrious air filling to overflowing with health and vitality the bodies that breathe it! Truly, truly, Echecrates, by the people who are mistaught as to Special Providence the God is beyond finding out.

*Ech.* I accept you to mean, Protagoras, that Providence implies the use of the legs if one requires to run, and the use of a hoe if the need is food.

*Prot.* Why, Echecrates, are not legs and arms one with means for running and hoeing? Does not turning from prayer to medicine bring ease to the strangling babe? To keep from drowning is aught required but to walk away from a river? Is an earthquake likely other than confined gas seeking a vent that could be given it through a hole bored into the earth? To drive away pestilence is not the killing of microbes found better than whining in the way of supplication?\*

*Ech.* We are certainly not to understand you, Protagoras, as denying appeal to God in times of affliction?

*Prot.* As implied in your way of putting it, Echecrates, you are. Philippides tells a story about an old woman, that applies. Being as devout as she was

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\* See "Hours with John Darby."

ignorant, and as ignorant as she was prejudiced, she had herself remembered many times in the Mass, while days without number she had appealed at the Stations. Finding no relief, she had turned infidel. In this state she had applied to a doctor, who, after recognizing that her pain lay in a diseased nerve, which required to be cut, told her that her misfortune as to response related with the missing of a Station, which Station was himself. "Imagine," said Philippides, "what effect would be produced on an ignorant old woman by a declaration which placed a common mortal on a footing with Christ as he passed along on that bloody way which meant expiation for the sins of the world."

*Ech.* Stop, stop, Protagoras! let the woman and her pain go! In what consisted the distinctiveness of the Christ?

*Ceb.* I must interrupt, Protagoras. Your sprays of lilies are suddenly become to me what they are to you. I see everything clearly.

*Prot.* The others may want to hear the conclusion of Philippides' story. The old woman shrank away horrified, as, before her, the Jews shrank away from the Christ concerning whom Echebrates asks, and as later the inhabitants of Zurich shrank away from Paracelsus and they of Görlitz from Jacob Böhme, and still later as they of Amsterdam ostracized the God-filled man,

Benedict Spinoza.\* Philippides recounts a simple surgical performance which cured the woman, restoring her to comfort and her family.

*Ceb.* How plain it is !

*Prot.* As it seems so to you, Cebes, let it be accepted the same as to the others. Curing and hoeing are one. A garden, and not a station, is the place to find potatoes. Garden and station are, however, one with the ways and the means of the God. Philippides' doctor was one with a station, inasmuch as he was means to ends.

*Ech.* And you would say, Protagoras, that means and ends are alike one with a Providence that fails of response never but as misunderstood ?

*Prot.* It is ignorance, Echecrates, verging on stupidity, that lives in the presence of so beautiful a Providence such a life of misunderstanding. Is it not plain, Echecrates, that the Providence which responds to prayer is never farther away than is a man's self from himself, or than are away the neighbors who surround him ? Not to hoe is not to have potatoes. Not to cultivate Ego is to lack saving intelligence. The breaking up of a body before its time, or out of the natural order, is one with ignorance on the part of the doctors, otherwise one with self-abuse of the

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\* See foot-note, "Thinkers and Thinking," p. 198.

individual. Consider, Echecrates! Man and the Universal are one. In the perfect law of a perfect God man is his own Providence, his own earth, his own heaven and hell. Join with me, Echecrates, and all who will, in adoration of the God who is ourselves, yet who is not ourselves.



"He is Rosicrucian, whosoever, or wheresoever, that is favored with perception of surface within surface and of face beneath face. He is to know himself as not Rosicrucian who sees nothing of lines between lines, or who is without recognition of the openness in occult. He is to know himself as not Rosicrucian who is without desire to meditate or unravel. He is not Rosicrucian whose needs find full supply in the materialistic."—  
NINETEENTH CENTURY SENSE.

## FROM CENTRE TOWARDS CIRCUMFERENCE.

PROTAGORAS. Looking towards circumference, Echecrates, is one with considering capability, while, in turn, considering capability is one with measuring hypostases.

ECHECRATES. I hardly understand.

*Prot.* Well, you understand, not hardly, but surely, that a man is wholly according to his hypostases, and that, in turn, hypostases are according to cultivation? Let us begin again by saying that looking towards circumference means considering the associations of a circle that revolves about a centre. Consider, Echecrates! Is it or is it not the case that the rim of a hoop may be blackened and defiled by pitch or made bright and shining by other things?

*Ech.* You imply that circumference of the man will be of relation, as to nature and character, with the part developed in the hypostases?

*Prot.* This, exactly. This, necessarily.

*Ech.* Comparing an ordinary man and the Christ? Would this express what you would have understood? For example, what goes to the rim of the hoop of bankers and brokers and candlestick-makers?

*Prot.* You help me along. Of such, Paracelsus says, though not exactly in these words, that the lowest phase of alchemy is with commutation of per cent. into capital, its highest phase the transformation of vice into virtue.

*Ech.* And what, Protagoras, would Paracelsus have said, think you, of the rim of these modern "trust-makers"?

*Prot.* Whist, Echecrates! What think you is to be said by one, who is not absolute lunatic, of boomerangs, and of the throwers of them?

*Ech.* Is it under the same head that things like tariffs are to be estimated?

*Prot.* Tariffs, being acts which feed one people regardless of the starvation of others, are alike with boomerangs and with commutation of per cent. into capital. Boomerangs are the instruments of savages. Commutation of per cent. into capital is not by any means calculation influenced always strictly by justice and brotherly love.

*CEBES.* Hist, Protagoras! You hint unpopular doctrine. What, may I ask, are we to say of a rim plastered with refusals of a bite from a plentiful loaf to such as starve on a mouthful of rice?

*Prot.* The earth is the God's, and the fulness thereof; trusts, and tariffs, and race discriminations are the antipodes as much of Educated as of Soul

sense ; they are one with the contraries of mercy and justice, and they are bound to breed retaliation not less largely than does a dead dog maggots.

*Ech.* Whether or not it prove apropos, you are touching great questions. Truly it shows not otherwise, according to such estimate, than that the moderns are holding themselves incessantly and tirelessly at work on the making of a whirlwind !

*Prot.* What a whirlwind can do when made has been often enough felt. We may let this alone, however, so far as others than ourselves are concerned ; the commuters, the trust-makers and tariff-makers, though listeners would be no hearers. A boomerang-thrower is susceptible to no argument but that return of the instrument which knocks out his brains.

*Ech.* Surely, Protagoras, you have thought enough on these things to have lighted on a remedy ?

*Prot.* Why, Echebrates, as all things are with the hypostases, this might not be elsewhere. What say you is not being cultivated by the people of whom we talk ?

*Ech.* Truly, Protagoras, the meaning of the dream shows greater and greater. I am to say, as you have suggested, for there is nothing else to say, that the Soul part is not being cultivated, and that it is being allowed to fade and wither from both sight and influence.

*Prot.* You say right, Echebrates. Remedy is not elsewhere than in turning to that which is the meaning

of the Christian's Christ. Hist ! What do you say is the meaning of a big-bodied man ?

*Ech.* I would define it as lying with excess of Matter in the hypostases.

*Prot.* And how would you define a selfish man ?

*Ech.* This I esteem is best done in the process of exclusion. A selfish man has his selfishness neither in Matter nor in God.

*Prot.* And what definition is to be found for a godly man ?

*Ech.* It is not difficult. A godly man is proportioned by the God existing in his hypostases.

*Prot.* In proportion, then, as a man is godly, he sees after godly fashion ?

*Ech.* Necessarily this.

*Prot.* To be fat, or muscular, in contrast to being spiritual\* or godly, is to be weighted down, consequently to have vision restricted to an animal plane ?

*Ech.* This, also.

*Prot.* Is it, then, difficult to understand what is implied by turning to the Christ ? Hist, Cebes ! What was the example of the Christ ? Did he look up or down ? Did he consider self or other selves ? What think you was meant by him in that assertion, "My kingdom is not of this world" ? Was he found bur-

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\* Meaning by spiritual, Egoistic.

dening himself with the “things that moths corrupt and thieves break through and steal”? Consider further. Is higher expression of the purpose of the God to be found than as set forth in the actions of the Christ? “I and my Father are one” is no misnomer.

*Ceb.* But you imply that hypostases of the Christ and of men are the same?

*Prot.* The same, with difference; the first being mostly Soul, the other being principally Animal. Here and here alone, Cebes, is absence of mystery and confusion. Is not the Christ a solved riddle to him who understands the hypostases? Is he not, on the other hand, an unappreciable and, as well, an unmeaning myth to one who, not comprehending the hypostases, does not know how man becomes or has been born one with God? Is not the confusion of incarnation, viewed in the light of the hypostases, one with a ghost of the night seen in the presence of a risen sun? Is it any more difficult to apprehend in this light the Christ than it is to comprehend a prize-fighter,—the one standing for Soul, the other for muscle? You are right, Echecrates, in accepting the dream as revelation.

*Ech.* The master, on the conclusion of his discourse, wrote the lines to be seen on this neighboring tomb-stone. Do these not very well cover the ground of man’s relationship with man?\*

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\* See conclusion of first part.

*Prot.* I will add one for the eyes of the commuters, the trust- and the tariff-makers, and, as well, for the workers, for these last are, in truth, more frequently the destroyers than the helpers of themselves :

COMMON GOOD IS THE ONLY GOOD.

*Ceb.* Knowing you of old, as I do, Protagoras, I perceive you to be leading to a something not yet said.

*Prot.* You are right, Cebes. The something is that mankind at large are as blind leaders of the blind. The capitalist faults the worker, and the worker blames the capitalist. One is equally wrong with the other. Capital represents means for development, and work implies the same thing. As it has pleased men to leave that equal provision of the Father

"When every rood of ground maintained its man,"

it is the part of wisdom to make the best of what has followed. The circle will, however, sooner or later bring back the rood. There is no true material wealth but as this relates with turnips and wheat and corn. Sooner or later the man in the mine will conclude that sunshine is better than darkness ; he of the factory that the "sights and sounds" of nature are of cheerier import than the monotony and whir of spindles.\* In

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\* See "Brushland," a book treating of country life and living on the principle of the rood ; being experiences of the writer.

the mean time the workingman adds links to his chain, as, offensively, he combats with capital, while, on the other hand, capital digs at and undermines its own foundation, as it considers labor and its requirements from any other stand-point than that of the line written upon the tombstone :\*

### COMMON GOOD IS THE ONLY Good.

*Ceb.* Is there no wisdom with men ?

*Prot.* It is found in little degree elsewhere than with those apt to be esteemed by Common-sense people least knowing, with the illuminati of the order of the Rosicrucians, for example.

*Ech.* I have heard, Protagoras, of the estimation in which you hold these people, and that you pronounce them the only true philosophers.

*Prot.* You have heard not incorrectly. Rosicrucianism has as its true definition the getting of judgments through the process of exclusion. A Rosicrucian is one who tries all things and holds fast by what is found best. The advancement of humanity, wherein it has truly advanced, has its history fully expressed in this class of people, different as the thing may seem to such as, like Hippocrates, see in a seething crucible nothing but a metal that is being melted, or in a retort

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\* Fault may be condoned in the ignorant, but is without excuse in the educated.

only the leaves of plants as these are undergoing distillation. Rosicrucianism is simply name. To express it, as it appeals to me, would be to begin equally significantly with Hercules and his club as with Rosenkreuz and his laboratory. The term is one with evolution,—not exactly of philosopher's stone out of spectroscopic homœomeriæ,\* or of man out of ape, but of an Immortal out of an Alchemist, and of an Illuminatus out of an Immortal. Seneca's lines are expressive : “The wit of man is not able to tell the blindness of human folly in taking so much more care of our fortunes, our houses, and our money than we do of our lives.” Heraclitus has a phrase in the same direction that reads two ways: “The ass prefers thistles to gold.”†

*Ceb.* A word, if you please, about these Rosicrucians, Protagoras; that is, if it lead not away as to the discourse, for I am entirely without knowledge of them, nor have I memory of having heard the master speak the name.

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\* “The homœomeriæ are elementary seeds of infinite variety out of which everything is made.”—ANAXAGORAS.

† “If a man eats the flesh of an animal, the animal flesh becomes human flesh; if an animal eats human flesh, the latter becomes animal flesh. A man whose Ego is absorbed by his animal desires is an animal, and if it amalgamates with God he is an angel.”—PARACELSUS.

*Prot.* It leads not away, but rather towards what is well to be said as application of the things talked about. Socrates has no occasion to heed a name, himself being a born illuminate. With people who rest in words, Rosicrucianism stands for a school the disciples of which consumed themselves and their lives in a search after the philosopher's stone. With people who recognize in the experiences of scholars materialistic, intellectual, and spiritual development, a Rosicrucian is one with any and every man who seeks to find what there is to find, and to know what there is to know.\*

*Ceb.* According to this, we ourselves, being inquirers, are Rosicrucians?

*Prot.* This, unless you like the word "Socratists" as well, or, what is synonymous with both, "Seekers after Understanding."

*Ceb.* I see! It is principles, not professors.

*Prot.* This, exactly. Yet if thinkers, aside from thinking, invite, curious study is found in reading the writings of a class named Occultists, these being people

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\* "He is Rosicrucian who lives in looking at the nature of things and in getting understanding of one's relations with himself and with the universal; getting at the secret of transmuting bars of lead into gold, the composition of that elixir vitæ the drinking of which renders the drinker immortal, and in studying into that illumination which discovers that true knowledge consists in 'knowing that you know what you know and that you do not know what you do not know.'" See "Nineteenth Century Sense."

who are a mystery to the namers in the sense that a lens-grinder is, in his art, a riddle to the maker of crude glass, or, to express this differently, as Educated sense is confusion to Common sense, and as Egoistic and Soul senses are confusion to the other two. Not to become Rosicrucian is to remain fool; just as not to remain animal is to become man or God. Be not deceived, Cebes, men are Alchemists, Immortals, or Illuminati according as they stand to development, and as they "mind the light." \*

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\* What is known as Rosicrucianism of the books divides itself into three periods: 1. The times and experiences of the Alchemists. 2. The times and experiences of the Immortals. 3. The times and experiences of the Illuminati. The first represents a purely materialistic view of life, in which the getting of material possessions, or what Lucian exhibits as encumbrances, presents itself as highest good; this is the Alchemical age, when the scholars were engaged in private and mystical laboratories in experiments directed to the transmuting of the baser metals into gold. The second period expresses an intellectual advance, in which it is recognized that death is more to be feared than gold is to be valued; this is the "Immortal" age; herbs took the place of metals in experiments directed to the discovery of an elixir that should save its possessor from dying. The third period is the state of to-day. In search after an elixir vitae discovery was practically made of distinction between body and Ego; here was the birth of Illuminati. Ego is found to need neither elixir vitae nor liquor adolescentiae, it being both immortal and continuously beautiful in and of itself.

"Mind the Light." See "Odd Hours of a Physician."

*Ceb.* Would you say that the bankers, the brokers, the trust- and tariff-makers, as we find them among these moderns, and as well the workers, are not Illuminati?

*Prot.* The bankers, the brokers, the trust- and tariff-makers, and the workers are to say for themselves what they are. You have not forgotten, I am sure, that warning story told by Er when he came back from Hades?\* Let this pass, however. In looking at the brain of a man, Rosicrucianism, as it has been defined,

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\* A reader who will turn to the concluding pages of Plato's "Republic" will find the question of Cebes answered in Er's account of retribution. "For every one of all the crimes and all the personal injuries committed by men, they suffer a tenfold retribution," etc. (10th Book.) Lucian, in his "Dialogues of the Dead," has much of interest and concern in the same direction :

"CHARON. Now listen to me, good people,—I'll tell you how it is. The boat is but small, as you see, and somewhat rotten and leaky withal ; and if the weight gets to one side, over we go ; and here you are crowding in all at once, and with lots of baggage, every one of you. If you come on board here with all that lumber, I suspect you'll repent of it afterwards,—especially those who can't swim.

"MERCURY. What's best for us to do, then, to get safe across ?

"CHA. I'll tell you. You must all strip before you go in, and leave all those encumbrances on shore ; and even then the boat will scarce hold you all. And you take care, Mercury, that no soul is admitted that is not in light marching order, and who has not left all his encumbrances, as I say, behind. Just stand at the gangway and over-haul them, and don't let them go in till they've stripped."—*Translation by Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A.*

finds what is to be esteemed an anatomical ultimate in a little pink body of such position and relation as to create the thought that it associates in no indirect way with all other parts of the mass, and as well, by means of the Sense-nerves, with all that is external. This body is the pineal gland. It is here that our ancients located the Soul, and that, later, Des Cartes fixed the habitation of the Ego. Let us think of an iron post. Phædo could tell us that no two particles of iron rest against each other, but that they are separated by an intervening essence. This being fact, it follows that an iron post is a double; that is, if we imagine the iron particles removed without disturbance of the intermediate essence there would remain a post not less a reality than when in the character known as iron; an only difference would be that the essence post could not be put to the uses of Common-sense people.\* Now, whether it is, or is not, the case that the pineal gland or the general inter-molecular space of the body is the habitation of the Ego, or Astral, a thing we know nothing about, it is undeniable that there is Ego, or Astral, and that this is Itself, and not its habitation.

*Ceb.* This is so clearly exhibited in the hypostases as not to need further showing.

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\* Referring to p. 98 of "Nineteenth Century Sense," the reader will find demonstration of this as made in an analysis of human bones. See also same book, p. 113.

*Prot.* Illumination, as to Rosicrucianism, means such recognition as here admitted. A seeker after knowledge when arrived at a point assumed as now occupied by ourselves has left him alone study of self. As scientist he has analyzed Matter, and as theologian he has apprehended Soul. Self is the interest and concern that remain. Here is beginning of departure from Common sense and from Common-sense people. A Rosicrucian, as Alchemist, is yet near enough to the bankers, the brokers, the candlestick-makers, and the workers not to allow of difference being perceived: hence he remains, in the estimation of these people, a man of judgment and of parts. A Rosicrucian, on the contrary, as Illuminatus, is as one occupying the antipodes, being of the enviable few who have everything while seeming to have nothing. Such a one owns the earth, though he lack title-deeds for the showing of his holdings. In the estimation of the bankers and brokers and candlestick-makers an illuminate Rosicrucian is a man laboring under hallucinations.

*Ceb.* But you would say, Protagoras, that he is the wisest of men?

*Prot.* The wisest and the richest, Cebes, for his needs go never beyond his ability to produce, nor is he burdened by impedimenta.

*Ceb.* When dreaming I seem never less myself than

when awake, nor do the things with which I relate seem less real. Is this something of what you mean, Protagoras?

*Ech.* A few months back, Protagoras, I was at the house of one of these moderns, and while seated in front of a window-blind observed six rivet-heads holding the hinge to the frame. As my eyes rested on these pieces of iron there was an instant change of them into six human faces of a type so godly that I have never before nor since seen anything that has given me more pleasure. Is this, also, something of what you mean?

SIMMIAS. I find, Protagoras, that in listening to organ music all care and anxiety leave me, and I become as one borne upon wings. Is this, as well, anything as to what you mean?

*Prot.* It needs only that an iron post be considered, to understand that what is suggested is one with what is implied. Common sense sees the world at large as a post is seen by it; that is, it sees surface only. Other means are required for other sight. Educated sense, being a condition expressive of a state in advance of Common sense, knows an essence post through induction; it cannot, however, see it: sight is not clear enough. Egoistic sense sees an essence post: this with the keenness of a poet's sight of couplets and the musician's hearing of strains. Soul sense takes

hold of the God as a hand grasps and holds its fellow-hand ; it puts certainty in place of faith.

*Ceb.* You suggest, Protagoras, the sparkle that is hidden in an uncut diamond.

*Ech.* Butterflies, as well, that lie in cocoons.

*Sim.* I was thinking of light and heat, as these make up the larger portion of lumps of black coal.

*Prot.* How is it ? Shall a man not believe that he sees what he sees, or may he doubt that he has heard what he has heard ? Let us look at our own follies and at the follies of other people.

As for my own face, I perceive it to alter more by reason of acts than of age, and by comparing what is seen in my glass with pictures made of me at varying times, I get measure of my loss or gain.

## TOWARDS THE SUBJECTIVE.

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PROTAGORAS. If, Cebes, and Echecrates, and all of you, we find ourselves arrived at a sufficient development, our parting hour may be celebrated by a look through the clouds.

Looking through clouds is one with inquiring into the Subjective. In turn, paradoxical as is the manner of the putting, inquiring into the Subjective is one with placing what is ordinarily deemed unreal in place of the so-called real. Subjective is one with association of Ego and imagination. In other words, it is one with state of mind as painter of the pictures of a man's circumstances. Bringing the idea half-way between Egoistic and Common sense perception, thus relating what are called intangible and tangible, Subjective is not inaptly to be defined as unseeable wind that dashes and scatters seeable spider-webs and houses,—curiously enough, the latter more easy of demolition by it than the former.

Changing a figure, we may consider essence posts; understanding, as surely we do, that in such objects

we see not only things that are as much real as are the iron bodies, but as well definition of what is meant by Paracelsus, the Rosicrucian, in that aphorism of his, that "the beginning of wisdom is the beginning of supernatural power."

CEBES. Apropos, Protagoras! Another saying of Paracelsus comes to our advantage: "A wood-carver takes a piece of wood and carves out of it whatever he may have in his mind; likewise the imagination may create something out of the essence of life." \*

*Prot.* It is well recalled; it defines entirely what is meant by the Subjective. Understanding, as we may not help but do, that image is for him who can cut it out of the wood, and not for him who cannot or will not cut it, we surely are to fault nothing or nobody but self if we lack an image. Even more than this, as there exist a material post within a material post, and a spiritual post within the material posts, so in like manner and of like nature image exists within images, and, this being the case, one may possess and see what he does not so much as either carve or materialize. Posts, whether of iron or of essence, are not realities, but strictly phenomena; that is, they are expressions of Matter formed into a temporary likeness. Anything that is handleable by the senses of organic

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\* See chapter on Visions, "Nineteenth Century Sense."

life is nothing but phenomenon. What is truly real is not of relation with man's organic senses, and were it not that the world possesses other than Common-sense people the world could come to no exposition of itself; Common sense is strictly one with the office of hewers of wood and drawers of water.

*Ceb.* Regarding Visions?

*Prot.* A Vision is one with an Imagination. As, for example, first there is a log of wood, then there is an image. An image bought of a carver and carried away both goes and remains; the latter for the reason that the wood, and the carving, are not at all essence, but alone image and sign.

*Ceb.* That which is sold is not, then, parted from?

*Prot.* Hist, Cebes! You will not deny an image that comes out of a log, nor may you deny an image that exists uncut in the imagination of a wood-carver? Is thought less thought that it be put not in words? In like manner, is image less image that it remain unmaterialized? Wood-carvers are Subjectists; they are not makers of anything, but are simply beholders and catchers of things; they are mediums, or materializers. Everything that has an external has, necessarily, an internal. Images are everywhere that an internal is, but the seers and catchers are few. Sounds fill the air, but ears in general have drums too thick for response to other vibrations than are made by the ringing of bells

and the firing of cannon. What a wood-carver parts with in selling an image is one with what an inventor sells in parting with a model.

As concerns things gotten and parted from, an illustration is complete in that paying and receiving of money where a dozen people indebted to a like amount, the one to the other, sit in a circle, a coin representing the exact amount of the debt being the only piece among them. Number one, having the coin, pays it to number two, to whom he stands indebted for the amount. Number two passes it to number three, liquidating through it a second debt. Three hands it in turn to four, so four to five, and five to six, and so on until twelve is reached. Twelve gives it to one, from whom it started on the round. The debts, all of them, are now fully and justly paid, while the coin, having undergone twelve transferences, is as it was and where it was. Is it not to be seen, Cebes, that the thing would have been the same if a word, and not a coin, had been used ?

*Ceb.* I think your illustration is another paradigm, Protagoras.

*Prot.* Why, life itself is wholly paradigm, Cebes ; as though nature had purpose in placing always a certain restriction of view on the senses of men, to an end of securing work that would be apt to remain unaccomplished without existence of such misunderstanding.

Look, for example, at the bankers and brokers and candlestick-makers. Do these, after consuming years in a sacrifice of all that is morally healthy and most desirable, carry their dearly-paid-for money away in coffins? or do they, on the contrary, hand it back into a general around and around? What object nature has in practising such deception as this last is hard to understand; not harder, however, than to understand why workingmen decide against freedom in the country in favor of slavery in the towns. How unenviable are all such to a Subjectist! Yes, Cebes, all is paradigm. What, for example, as to Timon rich and Timon poor? Timon remains. So, too, remain the things called riches and poverty. For Timon to grow out of self into the universal is one with growing out of the possibility of change as to circumstances. To own nothing is alike with owning everything. End being never anything else than beginning to another end, living gets never away from a circle. In the circle is the all. In the night the sun is at the antipodes; at mid-day it is overhead. Darkness and light, moisture and heat, effort and rest, are the life of the earth. It is good to lie down, and not less good to rise up. Are we to agree otherwise than with our brother philosopher of Cordova, that "it is the excellency of a great man to ask nothing and to want nothing, and to say, I

will have nothing to do with fortune that repulses Cato and prefers Vatinius"? The master, if awake, might not willingly hear the commendation, but are we not to recognize the fortune of Cato greater than that of Vatinius, in that he had it in him to remark that, when surrounded by the wrecks made in the contentions of Pompey and Cæsar, it was to the discourse held in the pen at Athens he could alone turn for consolation? Riches, as Seneca hath it, "is not to increase fortune, but to retrench appetite. A bull contents himself with one meadow, and one forest is enough for a thousand elephants; but the little body of a man devours more than all living creatures. We do not eat to satisfy hunger, but ambition; we are spiritually dead while bodily alive, and our houses are so much our tombs that a man might write our epitaphs upon our very doors."

*Ceb.* You imply that to sit with folded hands is to make riches equally with the burden-bearers?

*Prot.* Well, let us consider. Material possessions are not realities, but appearances. Does any man continue to hold material possessions? Are the rugged and towering Alp mountains anything but unrealities? Is a stream of lightning other than the extreme opposite of what it is commonly taken to be? Is a man's body not everybody else's property quite as much as it is his own, and, when viewed physiologi-

cally, or from the distance of centuries, does it differ much, as to its coming and going, from a flash-light? To eat, and to be surfeited with eating, are different things. Work, and being exhausted by working, are not the same. Prudent care and miserly greed are antipodes. Looking out for self, and caring for nobody beside self, is difference between wisdom and foolishness. Cultivating the material and denying the spiritual is one with chaining eyes and nose to the ground. How blessed are we to esteem ourselves that, like to Pythagoras, we have our lessons in our experiences! Recall, Cebes, the words of the master to Crito, "If only you can catch me, Crito, bury me as you please." The words were not understood in that other Now in which they were spoken, but they are plain enough to-day. How silly seems the grief of that yesterday at Athens in the light of to-day at Philadelphia! How wise, in the light of to-day, shows the refusal of the master to burden himself with the cares and anxieties of possessions in the yesterday!

*Ceb.* According to this, pity rather than condemnation is to go out to the commutes, the trust- and tariff-makers?

*Prot.* If all except themselves were Subjectists, this would be a relation held towards them. Unfortunately, the burdens that such insist on enlarging and

bearing get in the way of other people and incommod them. So far as ourselves are concerned, we are to save being jostled by keeping out of the way. Truly, Cebes, you are right, however,—censure is not to be unmodified by pity. How the unfortunates are seen to stumble and sweat as they run hither and thither in and out of their houses intent on purposes which are one with a falling down to-day of what was built yesterday !

Hist, Cebes ! Are we to take credit to ourselves in seeing, as we do, that the thing is a puff-ball ? or is it the case that what we behold is by reason of absence of the crowd, and not anything at all on the part of nature or of our experiences ? How can a man look out or up when a surging mass of people and the walls and tent-roof of a circus are about and over him ? Is it otherwise when the crowds and the walls of a street hem one in ? Who is he that is brave enough to understand clothes when patched breeches rub against shiny broadcloth ? Is it different as to a measuring of flesh-making potatoes, that cost little, and palate-tickling fruits, that cost much ? Is it not the same as to a beer of sweet-bitter taste made of “ pumpkins or parsnips or walnut-tree chips ” when contrasted with the price and prestige of biting tart wines grown in the dug-out trenches of the Rhine hills ? It is not as to what is best, but what is said and

thought of things. A subjective sight or sound is one with a ghost to him who is wholly an Objectist. A single piece of silver held before an eye is capable of shutting out visions of opened seals as these were seen by John at Patmos. No occultist is any longer a money-changer. Approach of material is departure of spiritual. Are we to give offence, or take it, in reflecting on the arts of the money-changers? Viewing the thing, as we have done, all the way along the line from Athens to Philadelphia, in what respect have we found this business different from the rearing and falling of ant-hills?—and, indeed, in what respect have we found the toilers different from the insects? Let us stretch ourselves upon the sward, Cebes, and, while having about us the sweet sights and sounds of a nature that is every bit our own and that is not to be taken from us, let us in sympathy meditate on an hallucination that esteems happiness and living to lie with the counting of notes, the reckoning of pieces of silver, or the making of things not needed; not forgetting, however, that the bankers and brokers and candlestick-makers reverse the matter and esteem the hallucination as lying with us.

*Ceb.* You made a departure from supernatural power and from visions, Protagoras. I should like much to learn of the true and the false as to these things.

*Prot.* You recall me to good purpose. The wood-carver cuts his image from a log. So diamond-cutters open windows in stones, disclosing brilliant hidden lights. A little science, acting on pieces of black coal, annihilates space. Are we prepared to deny reality to these things, or that they are hidden until exposed? It is nothing different with the faces seen on the rivet-heads by Echecrates, nor with the uplifting experienced by Simmias as organ-music lightens him. Things are to the senses what the senses are able to make out of them; they are never anything else. There is no sparkle of diamond to a blind man, nor any uplifting by music of an internally deaf one. Supernatural power is one with understanding, it is not anywhere else, and this, in turn, is one with capability. How a man lives accords with how he elects to live. To look continuously at mud is to see never the sky. To plaster up eyes and ears is to see or hear nothing, as, on the contrary, to open them widely, and refine them, is to see and hear proportionally.

*Ceb.* Do you believe, Protagoras, really, and not sophistically, that ourselves are ghosts?

*Prot.* Whist, Cebes! Is this not two thousand years after? and do we not talk together? Exactly what we are, that everybody is who has had a funeral. And the same exactly is everybody who has

had no funeral. Life and death are wholly one, as surely has been made plain. As to-day we know ourselves, in like manner shall we know ourselves forever. As we seem doing to-day, this it would seem is to go on forever, in that sense in which it appears to be of accord with the continuous Now that we have known and are to continue to know. This is truth; otherwise our argument is not a demonstration, but a lie. Beautiful! glorious! inexpressibly satisfying! is the prescience of the God. As to change, consider what is happily said of this by Antoninus: "Is any man afraid of change? What, then, is more pleasing or more suitable to the universal nature? And canst thou take a bath unless the wood undergoes a change? And canst thou be nourished unless the food undergoes a change? And can anything else that is useful be accomplished without change? Dost thou not see, then, that for thyself to change is just the same, and equally necessary for the universal nature?" To direct change, Cebes, is, however, another matter from that simple mingling and separating of mingled which is the destiny of things at large as these consist of matter. Here, Cebes, is other aspect of Subjectivism, and here is commencement of departure from high into higher and from higher to highest: here is from God back into God; here the secret and mystery of Nirvana.

[As continuation of the present work and as free opening of the SUBJECTIVE, as this relates with the inquiries made by Cebes in his last few questions, follows the book "NINETEENTH CENTURY SENSE." The volumes relate as lines between lines. Reading is to commence with the ninth chapter, the subject of which is "*The character of mediums and sensitives and means of intercourse with the higher planes of the world.*" The book being read from this ninth chapter to its end, the illusions and disillusions treated of in the beginning of the work will be properly understood and measured. In this book the hypostases will be found discussed with much fulness.]









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